

The Region: What's in store for weekly newspapers?

# Atlantic

# insight

JULY 1981, \$2.00

**Maida Rogerson:  
Charlottetown  
Festival's newest star**

**Ian Fraser: King of  
Nova Scotia's tattoo**

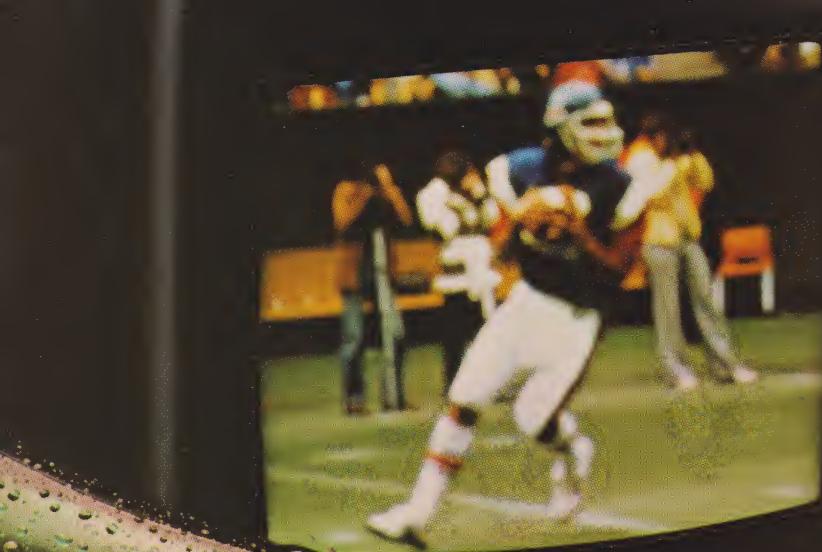
**Frank Moores:  
A new look at the  
big spender**



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# Atlantic Insight

July 1981, Vol. 3 No. 6



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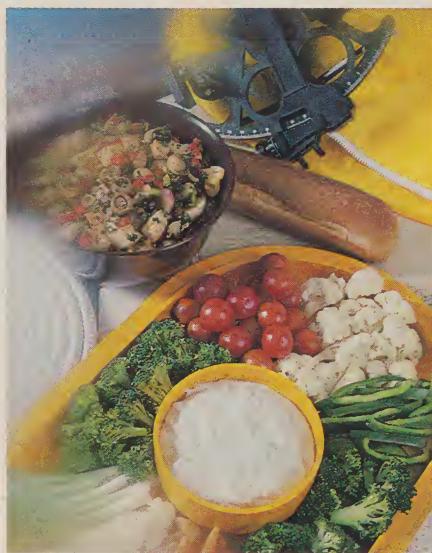
**Cover Story:** For years Charlottetown's Maida Rogerson sang and acted in minor parts and felt bitter about not being a star. Now, at 42, she's made it, back in her own home town, in the title role of the Charlottetown Festival's new musical *Aimee!* Success has been a long time coming. Maybe that's why it feels so good. By Marian Bruce

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK CUSANO



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**Travel:** Less than 20 miles off Newfoundland's Burin Peninsula lies the capital of France's last North American outpost, St. Pierre. Getting there isn't half the fun—fog, you know. But once you've arrived, you'll find charm in its well-preserved heritage. And the food and wine? *Magnifique*, of course. By Amy Zierler



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**Food:** Serving up gourmet meals on your boat takes some advance planning and care, but it can be done. Why stick with sandwiches or hotdogs when you and your guests can feast on chicken salad, crab dip and other delicacies you prepare and stash aboard?

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**Entertainment:** All Ian Fraser ever wanted to be was a good soldier. So how did he end up impresario of Nova Scotia's military tattoo, the largest indoor show in Canada? Simply by being very, very good at it

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**Education:** When Harry Marsh got tired of seeing highway accidents that he knew could have been prevented, he decided to do something about it. The result is his Commercial Safety College, which graduates 1,000 students a year from its Masstown, N.S., campus and sends them out on the road to drive trucks and industrial equipment more expertly and safely

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**Profile:** Go ahead and call Michael Walker a right-winger. He won't mind. As head of the Vancouver-based Fraser Institute, he's devoted to preaching the conservative gospel and getting government out of more people's lives. He learned about it back in his home province of Newfoundland

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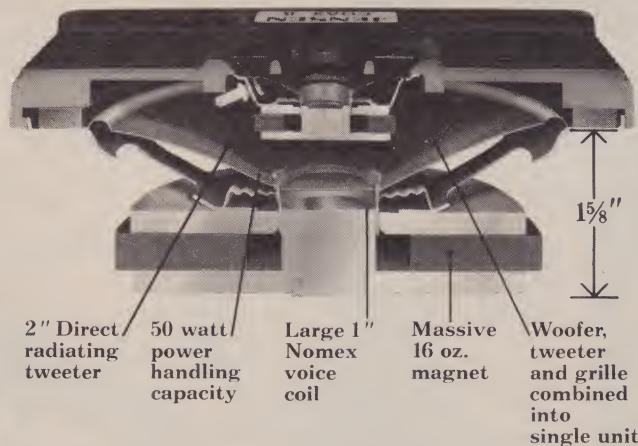
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# Editor's Letter

**A** man who's associated with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in the region tells me that CBC now attends 126 meetings of the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission per year. It's a thriving part of the CBC's operation and it keeps a number of employees busy getting the Crown corporation ready, briefs, statistics, reports, graphs and charts in order, for its various application and accountability hearings.

The CRTC, of course, isn't alone in this uniquely Canadian make-work category. Countless review boards, regulatory boards, marketing boards, appeal boards, agencies and committees keep a whole cadre of consultants, accountants, comptrollers, communications experts and lobbyists occupied in trying to help their clients find a way through the system. And they're only part of the story. Count along with them the royal commissions, task forces, and investigative groups assigned to examine specific issues and you begin to understand why David Halberstam, and probably others, identify Canada's special quality as a nation as its genius for public enterprise.

We are a nation of studiers. The volume of reports which crosses my desk in a year, announcing the findings of this or that special study group would probably be enough, if I set fire to it, to keep me warm for a year—although that might trigger a royal commission investigation on occupational safety hazards. (There's already been a study on the increasing volume of government papers, in case you were wondering.)

The press hasn't been studied, controlled or regulated any more thoroughly than many other aspects of Canadian life, although sometimes it seems that way. Ten years ago it was the senate committee on the mass media, under Senator Keith Davey, which trained its telescope on us and created a catch-phrase which hung on for a while in the region by describing the Maritime provinces as a journalistic disaster area. This year it's been the Kent commission on daily newspaper ownership, born of the abrupt closing of two dailies in Ottawa and Winnipeg, but designed not so much to put out



any fires as to sniff around the ravaged foliage for clues.

You can get a good idea of how little effect the studies of concentration of ownership of newspapers have had on the quality of journalism by reading Parker Barss Donham's report on weekly newspapers (*The Region*, page 9). Chain ownership has risen among the weeklies. According to Donham's count, 18 of the region's 60-odd community papers are now owned by chains, with the count expected to rise. But has chain ownership automatically produced worse newspapers? Not always. Have the remaining independents consistently turned out a better editorial product than the chain papers? Not necessarily.

Royal commissions continue to look for a simple yardstick which will establish a relationship between concentration of ownership and journalistic quality. It doesn't exist. What affects the quality of journalism is the quality of ownership, whether the owner be a chain or an individual.

When one of the most prominent owners of weekly newspapers in the Atlantic region describes one of the region's ablest working journalists as belonging to "a vile breed," you don't need to look much further for where the trouble lies. No newspaper can survive without business sense. But no good newspaper can survive on that alone. "A well-run newspaper," Donham writes, "is profitable enough to attract the interest of investors with no particular stake in journalism, while the old curmudgeon editors with ink stains on their hands who really cared about the ethics of newspapers can't afford to buy them anymore." When publisher David Cadogan says he's worried about that, he's talking more sense than any royal commission report.



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## Feedback

### The life of Brian, pro and no

With regard to your recent cover story on Brian Mulroney (*The Life of Brian*, Cover Story, May), your writer failed to capture the compassion and loyalty he lavishes on his friends. I have had the genuine pleasure of being a friend of Mulroney for almost 30 years—as a student, as a fellow spear carrier in politics, as one of his supporters in 1976, as a travelling companion behind the Iron Curtain last summer. If I were in the desert with Brian and he had the water, I would have no fears. He would probably give me more than my just share.

Patrick MacAdam  
Ottawa, Ont.

Come on, Mr. Mulroney, who are you trying to kid? A barefoot boy from Baie Comeau, eh? You came from a town that is one of the 10 richest in Canada, the son of an electrician for Quebec North Shore Paper Co. (one of the better paying jobs around). If you went barefoot, it wasn't for lack of money. For those of us who have lived and grown up in Baie Comeau, Mr. Mulroney, your fable of the poor, deprived little boy—who has managed by dint of hard work and perseverance to pull himself up to a position from which he "almost" won the leadership of the Conservative party—doesn't wash. You are succeeding, however, in managing to keep alive an image of politicians that may not be fair to many of your colleagues.

Judi Warner  
Class of '69  
Baie Comeau High School

### Like so many harp seals

Bravo to Jon Everett for his honest and sympathetic account of the story of Jackie Vautour (*Jackie Vautour Wants His Land Back. And His Name*, Special Report, May). I don't think Jackie intended to become a hero; he has become one through his outright rejection of the idea that a democratic government may treat its people like so many harp seals.

Steve Heckbert  
Miramichi, N.B.

The photographs that make Jackie Vautour and his family look like a small cult-commune get one to reading. It's then the reader sees that Vautour and his clan are much-needed revolutionaries. I'm not much of an anti-government type, but what's been done



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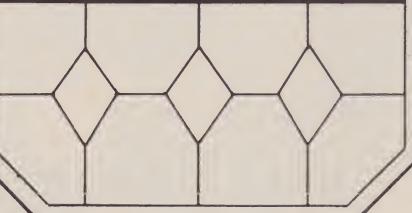
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Feedback

to Vautour, his family and those who were his neighbors was damn wrong. Can I help in some way, Vautour? Thanks, *Insight*, for reporting it.

J.C. Haynes  
Lewisporte, Nfld.

Sordid innuendoes

Our family has enjoyed your magazine since its inception, and rejoiced to see it grow. Your May issue indicates that a word of caution is in order. The fiction article by Veronica Ross (*Dreams and Sleep*, Fiction) has good content; unfortunately, a good portion of it was marred by sordid innuendoes. With your circulation growing rapidly, you need only accept script of the highest calibre.

Stella G. Tompkins  
Stephenville, Nfld.

First....Let me tell you about first

I have no intention of taking anything from Gordon Pinsent's many accomplishments, of which all people in Newfoundland are extremely proud (*The Never-ending Job of Being Gordon Pinsent*, Cover Story, April). But I would point out that John Wood, the National Arts Centre's director for English theatre, shows himself woefully ignorant of our people when he says that Gordon was "the first Newfoundland in the arts to come out and make a name for himself." John Murray Anderson, America's greatest theatrical producer after Florenz Ziegfeld, was born and bred in St. John's. Donald Brian, who was Prince Danilo in the first Broadway production of *The Merry Widow* for 416 performances in 1907-08, and the star of musicals and movies, was also St. John's-born and bred. Georgina Sterling, born in Twillingate, made her débüt in *Norma* at La Scala and toured America in 1897 with Colonel Mapleson's opera company, the forerunner of the Metropolitan. She is buried in Newfoundland.

Paul O'Neill  
St. John's, Nfld.

So who's down for the count?

According to Statistics Canada, the value of Prince Edward Island's primary agricultural production, in constant dollars, has increased at an average annual rate of 8.9% in the past two years (*P.E.I.'s Family Farms: Down for the Count?* Special Report, April). Nearly all of this was achieved on family-operated farms.

Keith Russell,  
Secretary

Maritime Farmers Council  
Moncton, N.B.

# Can you spot the money here? What is money, anyway?

Trade has existed throughout time. Some forms of payment have proved wildly impractical, others wonderfully simple.

**I**magine this: You walk into a supermarket and fill your basket. Then you find the manager and offer to pay for your groceries with a wall-hanging you've woven yourself.

If we didn't have money, that kind of transaction would be commonplace. And very unwieldy.

Yet the barter system was our earliest method of exchanging goods. People traded goods they had for goods they wanted.

As society became more complex, the barter system became ridiculously cumbersome. It was inevitable that someone would invent money.

## A form of exchange.

In its simplest terms, money is an entitlement to goods and services.

Throughout history and throughout the world, money has taken many weird and wonderful forms: jade, tea, beads, coconuts, even whales' teeth were all regarded as valid units of currency. In the early days of Canada, wampum, furs and playing cards were important media of exchange.

But the most widely used money was grain, cattle, metals and shells – particularly bright ornamental sea shells called cowries, which were used for thousands of years.

The inventive Chinese made coins as early as 500 to 800 B.C. out of copper discs, and stamped them to show their value. "Cash" – a term

which endures today – was the name given by British residents in the East to native coins of small value and particularly to the copper coinage of China.

## Receipts became paper money.

Of all the available metals, gold was among the rarest. It was easy to hammer into coins, so it became the most accepted and desirable form of money.

But it was not without its problems. Gold coins were impractical for small purchases such as a loaf of bread, and gold in quantity was too heavy to carry around conveniently; so the gold-



*Everything in this picture represented money at some time or another.*

smiths began to store gold and issue receipts for it.

Eventually most business took place via the gold receipts. This was the genesis of paper money. And it was only a matter of time before some enterprising goldsmiths started issuing receipts in excess of the gold they actually had on hand.

## From banknotes to cheques to credit cards.

Again, with banknotes (the modern successor to gold receipts), large transactions were cumbersome, so banks offered deposit accounts with chequing privileges.

It was a logical step from cheques to consumer credit cards; and both represent purchasing power without visible cash.

## Putting money to work.

If we think of money as nothing but a medium of exchange, we overlook its most dynamic aspect. For when money has been saved it can be loaned (or rented out) as mortgages and other forms of credit. In this way it can be put to work creatively to keep the economy flowing. And when money goes to work, it helps us all.

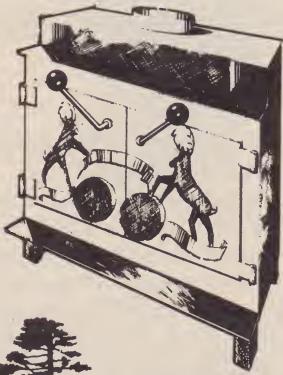
Human nature being what it is, we probably all think we're entitled to more money than we have or than we earn. But next time you go shopping you can at least be thankful that you don't have to pay for your purchases with coconuts, seashells – or a handful of whales' teeth.

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**See page 61 for details**

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Region

## Kent isn't writing





## The Region

# The report Tom Kent isn't writing

*While the Royal Commission on Newspapers covers the familiar territory of daily newspaper concentration, the real story is that many community weeklies aren't really community papers anymore*

By Parker Barss Donham

**S**teve Hawboldt, former editor of an Annapolis Valley, N.S., weekly called *The Mirror*, figured not many people knew what a cattle squeezer was. So when the county federation of agriculture moved its cattle squeezer to a new location, Hawboldt decided to print a tiny story about the move, with no explanation, deep on the paper's last page. For the rest of the week, *Mirror* staffers kept busy explaining that a cattle squeezer is a mechanized sling that lifts cattle so their hoofs can be trimmed.

For Hawboldt, it was proof of the impact a weekly newspaper can have. "Dailies are nothing," he scoffs. Weekly papers in the Atlantic provinces have undergone a minor renaissance in recent years, casting off some of the fusty conservatism that once typified their breed and attracting a spirited group of journalists who seem to have no other place in the region's news media. Ironically, however, not long after the cattle squeezer story appeared, Hawboldt was fired for publishing (on the *Mirror*'s opinion page) parts of a statement by the Nova Scotia Federation of Labor on the Digby school bus drivers' strike. His dismissal came at the hands of the paper's new management—representatives of a recently assembled chain of publications owned by the New Glasgow industrialist, R.B. Cameron. The episode illustrates another trend: As weekly papers have grown stronger and brighter, they have also grown more attractive as investments, sparking fears that their usefulness as a refuge for individualistic journalists may not last long.

This month, the Royal Commission on Newspapers, chaired by Tom Kent, will release the findings of its nine-month investigation into Canada's daily newspaper oligopoly. Sen. Keith Davey carried out a similar inquiry a decade ago. At that time, 11 of the Atlantic province's 18 dailies were owned by chains. Today the score is 13 out of 18.

What has changed here is weekly newspaper ownership. At the time of the Davey report, only one weekly in the Atlantic provinces was owned by a



Hawboldt: "Dailies are nothing"

substantial chain (Thomson's *Bathurst Northern Light*). Today, chain ownership encompasses 18 of the region's 60-plus weeklies, a total that includes seven Cameron papers and 10 owned by Newfoundland's Robinson-Blackmore. There is no sign of a let-up. Both the Sterling Newspapers (owners of a string of British Columbia papers and the daily Summerside *Journal-Pioneer*) and Maclean-Hunter (publisher of *Maclean's*, *Chatelaine* and numerous trade publications) have expressed interest in buying weekly papers.

When some future royal commission examines corporate concentration in the weekly newspaper industry, it



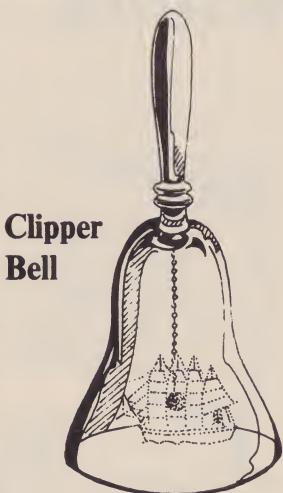
Cameron: Journalists "a vile breed"

will surely describe Cameron's as the most bizarre foray into the publishing business on record. Although usually identified as chairman of Maritime Steel and Foundries Ltd., a New Glasgow fabricator of light structural steel, Cameron is also a director of the Royal Bank of Canada (and one of its largest shareholders) and a two-time former president of the Sydney Steel Co. His reputation of irascibility and erratic behavior is matched only by his knack for turning a dollar.

Cameron's distaste for the press is legendary, so it came as a welcome surprise when he agreed to be interviewed at his New Glasgow office for this article. The pleasure dimmed when *Insight* photographer Jack Cusano and I were stood up. Reached later by telephone, Cameron apologized but claimed he had asked a mutual friend to relay a message the interview was cancelled. ("The hell he did," said the friend.) Cameron also said he planned to retire on his 62nd birthday later this month, and resolved never again to be interviewed. "You belong to a vile breed," he said.

Cameron's own initiation into that vile breed came early in 1977, with his purchase of Kentville Publishing Ltd., owner of the *Kentville Advertiser* and the *Hanis Journal* in Windsor. A few weeks later, he bought Yarmouth's Fundy Group, swelling his holdings to five weeklies, four give-away TV guides, as well as sundry farm, fishing and tourist publications. Cameron now controlled two of the region's major printing plants, and he showed no hesitation about using the leverage these gave him. He forced closure of the *4th Estate*, Halifax's struggling weekly alternative to the *Chronicle-Herald*, for a printing debt. He snapped up the *Shelburne Coast Guard*, the *Riverview [N.B.] Recorder*, and most recently, the *Berwick Register*. Meanwhile, he moved into Moncton, Saint John and Fredericton, starting give-away telecasters in each city.

Insiders say Cameron viewed his newly acquired weeklies as stepping stones toward the ultimate goal of a daily, preferably in metropolitan Halifax. But a 1979 study of the Dartmouth market proved discouraging. Cameron staffers feared the *Chronicle-Herald* would respond to the threat of competition by converting the weekly *Dartmouth Free Press*, which it controls,



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## The Region

and which is already equipped with high speed presses, into a daily. Efforts to lure the giant Southam chain into partnership also failed. Most recently, the suburban *Bedford-Sackville News* caught Cameron's eye, but he is said to have rejected the reported \$1.5-million price tag.

While sugarplum dailies danced in Cameron's head, the operation of his weeklies slipped into the doldrums. Personal problems and financial reversals led to the departure of David Joudrey, a Cameron confidant who had been placed in charge of the newspaper holdings. Last summer, Cameron hired former Thomson publisher Victor Wilson to mount a rescue operation. Wilson promptly closed the *Riverview Recorder* and abandoned the three New Brunswick telecasters.

If Cameron's operations expanded too rapidly, Newfoundland's Robinson-Blackmore took the opposite tack. The company was formed in the late Sixties when a group of businessmen headed by Andrew Crosbie purchased the Blackmore Printing Co. of Grand Falls, publisher of community papers in Grand Falls, Gander and Lewisporte, and Robinson and Co., publisher of the St. John's *Daily News*. Operations have gradually expanded since then, with the start of new weeklies in Clarenville, Corner Brook, Stephenville, Port aux Basques, Conception Bay and Marystown.

All the typesetting, layout and printing of Robinson-Blackmore's papers is done at two central plants. The Grand Falls facility produces eight of the company's papers and most of the province's independent weeklies—a total of three separate papers a day. Editors ship off an envelope full of news and photographs once a week, and a day or two later, the completed paper arrives. Since each paper serves as many as 60 or 80 distinct communities stretched over hundreds of square miles, distribution is a major headache. But the chain has the advantage of being able to pool its advertising sales. It's a far cry from the image of the old Main Street weekly.

Centralized production leads to the most common criticism of the R-B group. "I don't see them going out and digging up stories," says one journalist who follows weekly papers closely. "They print a lot of ministerial press releases." Jim MacNeill, editor-publisher of P.E.I.'s two weeklies and president of the Atlantic Association of Community Newspapers, is more charitable. "Most of those papers wouldn't exist without Robinson-Blackmore," he points out.

Cameron's papers fare better at the hands of critics. David Folster, the Fredericton journalist who hosts *Neighbourly News*, the CBC's weekly anthology of community newspapers, rates the *Kentville Advertiser*, Cameron's flagship, as one of the best papers in Nova Scotia. Editors of other Cameron papers report that, despite Hawboldt's firing, management tends to keep its hands off editorial matters. When intervention occurs, it involves cost control rather than editorial judgement.

Nevertheless, the best papers in the region are still found among the independents. Critics of the Robinson-Blackmore chain often contrast its papers with the *Northern Pen*, a one-year-old weekly serving the dozens of communities tucked into the valleys and coves around Newfoundland's Northern Peninsula. Owner-editor

DAN HODDINOTT



Bernard Bromley

Bernard Bromley, who spent 15 years with Robinson-Blackmore and still speaks highly of the chain, stresses tough interviews with politicians and relentless campaigning for better services from all levels of government. Bromley, or his assistant, rises every Monday at 4 a.m. for the eight-hour, 375-mile trip from St. Anthony to Grand Falls. After a four-hour stop at Robinson-Blackmore's printing plant, he heads home, arriving about 2 a.m. Tuesday with the completed papers. The trip could be avoided if the *Western Star* in Corner Brook, 100 miles closer and, unlike Grand Falls, linked to St. Anthony by regular bus service, would print the *Pen*. But the Thomson-owned paper refuses.

At the opposite corner of the region, in St. Stephen, is the bi-weekly *Saint Croix Courier*, whose disclosure of shoddy workmanship by politically connected contractors at the Point Lepreau nuclear power plant shook the Hatfield government and propelled the paper to star status among Atlantic community weeklies. But editor Julian Walker, a 29-year-old veteran of *The Montreal Star* and the *Ottawa Journal*, says aggressive reporting alone is not enough for a successful local weekly. "The community news is your bread and butter," he says.

Walker believes monopoly control of New Brunswick's English language

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## The Region

dailies—all of them owned by the Irving family—encourages tougher, more investigative reporting on the part of weeklies. For whatever reason, the province does have its share of feisty community papers. Walker compares them to a group of small-brush fires, "not necessarily in control, not always rational, not always doing what's absolutely right, but at least standing up and saying something, taking a point of view and going after things they think are important."

If independent weeklies embody some of the region's best journalism, they also print some of its worst. An early May issue of the *Springhill and Parrsboro Record* carried no fewer than eight photographs of Parrsboro Mayor James A. Chambers on page 1. An editorial in the same issue enjoined readers not to forget "Mum" on Mother's Day.

John Porteous, a Moncton freelance writer whose columns are syndicated in a dozen community papers, says that without that forum, he'd have trouble surviving as an independent writer. "Weekly papers in New Brunswick provide a more valuable service than in any part of Canada," he says. This spring, Porteous underscored that belief by establishing a \$250 bursary for deserving journalism students, to be awarded annually by the Atlantic Community Newspapers Association.

Dailies in the Atlantic provinces have no organization comparable to the ACNA, which sponsors professional development seminars for editorial and advertising staffs of member papers. Like the aggressive reporting displayed in some weeklies, the existence of the ACNA reflects the technological revolution that has overtaken newspaper production. Photo-offset printing and computer typesetting have freed publishers from what used to be the most expensive and time consuming aspect of their job, enabling them to spend more time and money on their editorial departments.

But according to David Cadogan, publisher of the *Miramichi Leader* and two other weeklies, the same revolution threatens the independence of community papers. A well-run newspaper is profitable enough to attract the interest of investors with no particular stake in journalism, while the old curmudgeon editors with ink stains on their hands who really cared about the ethics of newspapers can't afford to buy them anymore. "It's become a very smooth and well-organized type of business," Cadogan says. "I'm quite worried about that."



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## Opening up a can of worms

*A Newfoundland judge looks into the way the Frank Moores government did business. He isn't impressed*

If then premier Frank Moores and his ministers hoped that because Judge John W. Mahoney had been in Joe Smallwood's cabinet he would be especially sympathetic in his investigation of alleged misspending by the Department of Public Works in the mid-70s, they were wrong. Appointed after a critical 1975-76 auditor-general's report and a barrage of accusations from the opposition, the Newfoundland Supreme Court justice submitted his 522-page, four-years-in-the-making report to Brian Peckford's government this spring. His words are anything but gentle. Yes, he says, the first PC government since Confederation inherited an "unfair and uneconomical" system riddled with gross inefficiencies and political patronage, but the Public Tender Act of 1974 ("a good solid piece of legislation," Mahoney says) was supposed to change all that. Instead, the government which brought it in "virtually ignored" it.

Without any regulations to put "flesh on the skeleton" of the new Public Tender Act—or, more important, the ministerial will to see it implemented—lax approval procedures and uncontrolled spending of public money continued largely unchecked between 1974 and 1977, the report says. In one case, an inspector—whose spending authority was limited to \$5,000—authorized \$309,000 in payments to an electrical contractor for a job the department had estimated would cost \$40,000. No one in the department seemed to notice, Mahoney found, and the inspection process was typically "useless" in guaranteeing the work was worth the money government paid. Going to public tender, on the other hand, did not by itself bring spending under control. Take the case of the \$67-million Health Sciences Centre in St. John's: "If the government got a good building for a good price, it was by luck only," Mahoney says. Change orders and extras added \$3 million to seven contracts whose tender prices totalled \$5 million. Lack of control within the department was so widespread, Mahoney says, that even without political interference, "the whole system was incapable of operating effectively with respect to the spending of public money."

But political interference there was.

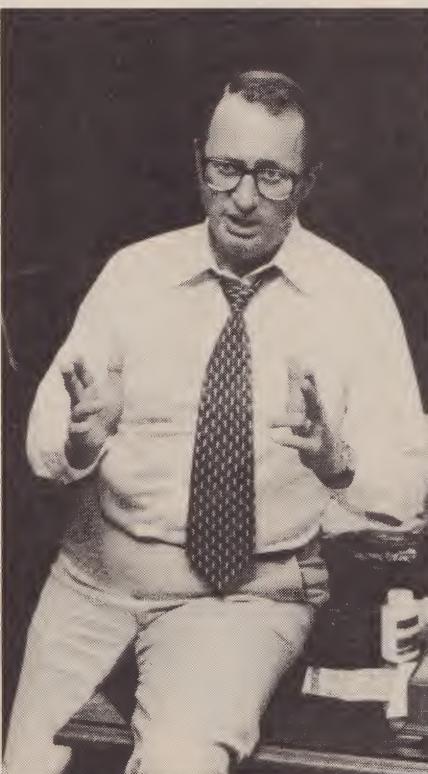
Besides a list of preferred contractors, which Mahoney concluded was political (a list was also in effect in Smallwood's day, but most of the names on it changed with the government), he found Public Works ministers Tom Farrell and Joe Rousseau violated the Public Tender Act by directing their officials to give specific contracts to certain companies. He also found Moores improperly bypassed department officials in 1974 when he committed the government to leasing 15,000 square feet of office space in a proposed building in Corner Brook (5,000 square

Tender Act carries no specific penalties, but the British parliamentary tradition (which Mahoney says should continue to govern this kind of law) has already done its work. Rousseau and Farrell resigned from cabinet in 1978, after Mahoney's appointment did not quell the attacks from the opposition benches. Neither ran in the provincial election the following year, at least in part because the inquiry was still under way. Farrell, 56 and in poor health, has returned to his medical practice in Corner Brook. Rousseau, 45, is teaching high school in his home town, Deer Lake. "It took them four years to decide I'm not a criminal," he says. "Now I've started a new life." One department inspector was fired, and one contractor was convicted on charges of defrauding the government, following an RCMP investigation touched off by the same auditor-general's report. Undisclosed evidence which Mahoney forwarded to the provincial Justice Department turned up no grounds for further prosecutions, and while the government may consider civil action to recover money spent in the illegal contracts, the prospect of proceeding seems unlikely. Of the major actors named in the report, only Frank Moores has escaped serious consequences. He retired voluntarily from the party leadership early in 1979 and is now pursuing business interests well away from public scrutiny.

Although Mahoney's investigation was long and thoughtful, it was not exhaustive. "I believe that the work of this commission has been hampered by the absence of a search warrant power," he says, not confident that every witness voluntarily produced all documentation relevant to the inquiry.

But his report effectively closes the book on one aspect of the Moores administration, even though that book may be minus a few chapters. Spending practices have improved considerably since the inquiry was set up, and the Peckford government has accepted all 22 of Mahoney's recommendations for tightening internal control and clarifying the Public Tender Act. "The very fact this commission had to be established," House Leader Marshall said on tabling its report, shows the law "has not just teeth but very healthy fangs."

— Amy Zierler



**Moores: A few chapters still missing**

feet more than government needed there) from businessman Hubert Harnett so Harnett could arrange financing for the building. Except for William Marshall, who authored the bill and later left the Moores cabinet in a dispute over spending practices (he's now Peckford's government House leader), "no one in the government, and very few of the department officials, took the legislation seriously," Mahoney says.

No criminal proceedings will result from Mahoney's report. The Public



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## Renous says yes-and no-to prison

*Building a prison for Canada's toughest convicts will mean new jobs in an area where there aren't many. But it could also mean new problems in a town where no one ever locked their doors at night*

**A** plan to build a \$37-million super-maximum-security prison in the tranquil, rural community of Renous has had the same effect on area residents as a magnet on iron filings. It's polarized them. You can see it at Astle's General Store in Quarryville. Hiram Astle, owner of the store is for the prison, which will provide 350 jobs. "It's a good thing for the graduates. I hate to see people going to Alberta and leaving." The woman at the cash is opposed. "It's not going to give work to the people here. Three-quarters of them don't have Grade 12." She won't reveal her name despite good-natured needling from Astle.

Annalea Hayes stands on a stoop in her backyard hanging out her wash. She says when the prison was first proposed a few years ago, "I didn't sleep nights." Her home is less than a mile from the site, she has four of her six children at home, and her husband is away working much of the time. "I think it's going to ruin the settlement." Dale Manderville, 18, who works at the Irving service station, says he's looking forward to the prison. "There'll be jobs for prison guards, truck drivers—a lot of people own their own trucks. There's no work for them at all now."

Renous stands about 20 miles west of Newcastle. Descendants of its Irish Catholic settlers still predominate among the few hundred families living there. The only people who visit in large numbers are sports fishermen. There's little work except in cutting wood. Many people commute to jobs in Newcastle and Chatham. From 1946 to 1978, Renous had a ammunition depot which employed 300. Its closing prompted local Liberal MP Maurice Dionne to seek a prison for the vacated 2,300-acre federal property.

At that time, Liberal MP Mike Landers of Saint John was vigorously trying to keep a prison out of Martinon, an outlying Saint John neighborhood. Dionne, Landers and Roméo LeBlanc, the N.B. cabinet minister, decided Renous would be better for all concerned. Site work began in 1979 but ceased when the government changed. After the Liberals returned to power in 1980, Dionne picked up the pressure.

The decision to proceed was announced this April. "It was a bitter battle," he says.

Réal Joubinville, assistant director of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Crime, says the prison is going ahead without due regard for whether Newcastle-Chatham can provide the services essential for its functioning. Dionne doesn't deny Renous was a political decision. "That's what I was elected to make," he says.

The two-section prison will hold 350 inmates, 250 of them sex offenders and others who need special protection, and 100 extremely dangerous criminals. Robert Clark, Atlantic director-general for Corrections Canada, says the aim is to have the prison open by early 1986. Architects have yet to draw up plans, but the prison will be surrounded by fences and equipped with the best in electronic surveillance systems. "But

reception if he chooses the wrong house. "Everyone has a gun here because everyone hunts." Clark feels the issue is overblown. "Escapees always try to get as far away as fast as they can."

Then there are property values, the issue that galvanized Martinon residents against the prison. Annalea Hayes feels values will go down. "Who wants to live near a prison?" But Mark Hambrook, owner of the Renous Country Store, says, "I think property [value] is going to increase because there'll be more people here."

An influx of people is exactly what bothers Faye Walls, mother of two small children. What kind of people, she asks, are going to be drifting into town, drawn by the men behind bars? Hiram Astle says Renous lived for 32 years under the threat of being blown to smithereens, and never worried about that. Anxiety over the prison will vanish too, he says. Paul Lordon, a Chatham lawyer, warns that the Miramichi may reap a whirlwind of problems as unrehabilitated ex-cons



Renous: From ammunition dump to prison site

we can't guarantee there won't be escapes," Clark says.

Dionne says he is not moved by concerns about escapes from housewives whose husbands are away at work: "What about the housewives whose husbands are at home because they have no work?" Carmel Colepaugh wonders if her five children will grow up in safety. "Renous was always a place where you could leave your door open day and night. Not anymore." Floyd Jardine, a member of the Renous-Quarryville Local Services District Committee, says it's also a place where an escapee might get a hot

take root in the valley and mingle with local criminal elements. Blackville Mayor Roland Walls says he talked with people in Dorchester, which has had a prison for 100 years. "They weren't overly concerned. There shouldn't be much concern here."

The pull to both sides of the controversy is strong. Robert Jardine, an unemployed woodworker leaning against the wall in the Irving service station, remains in the middle. But he says he'll support the prison "as long as they [authorities] give me a job and as long as they [convicts] don't snap me woman."

— Jon Everett

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## How to handle a hot potato

For the Prince Edward Island cabinet, it was one of those awful, no-win issues. It started with a letter last February to Agriculture Minister Prowse Chappell from the K.C. Irving family of New Brunswick. The Irvings, who already own 1,400 acres of prime, red farmland on the Island, inquired about buying 6,000 more acres to grow more potatoes for the company's processing plant in New Annan. The plant is the only one on the Island that makes french-fries, and it's important to the Island's economy. But so are the small, family farms owned and operated by Islanders. The P.E.I. government is firmly committed to a policy of protecting the family farm against corporate takeover, and it is only on cabinet approval that non-residents or corporations can buy more than 10 acres of land on the Island. So when the Irvings threw their hot potato into Prowse Chappell's lap, he did the only sensible thing: He didn't say yes and he didn't say no. Instead, in the finest tradition of Canadian politics, he threw the whole thorny, emotional question of land ownership into the lap of a legislative committee.

The committee, headed by Conservative MLA Gordon Lank, a 39-year-old cattle and hog farmer, now is in the midst of a study of the Island's land legislation. After public hearings in the fall, the committee will decide whether existing laws are good enough to back up the government's land-use policy, and whether the legislation is fair to prospective buyers and sellers.

"I don't think the question of land ownership should be handled the way we are handling it right now," Lank says. "We can say no to Irving now, but another Irving will come along in a few days."

Land ownership is a particularly touchy subject on P.E.I., which has a long, unhappy history of non-resident ownership. In 1972, after seeing some of the province's choice lots slip away to non-Islanders, the then Liberal government passed a law requiring cabinet approval for large purchases by non-residents and corporations. Premier Angus MacLean's Conservative government plugged a loophole in the land-ownership law last November: Any transfer of shares involving Island corporations now must be reported to the cabinet. This could prevent a cor-

poration from acquiring another that already owns land.

One problem with the legislation is that there are no real guidelines on the sale of Island land. It's left up to the cabinet to make an arbitrary decision. A government land-use planning official says cabinet has approved most of the land-sale applications it has received since the law was passed.

Lank says there must be some clear-cut rules for both prospective buyers and sellers. "I know you won't get everyone to agree, but we need some ground rules that people can live with," he says. "I don't think you can leave the decisions up to the cabinet, who sometimes say yes and sometimes no."

Farm organizations strongly oppose the Irving purchase proposal. Eric Hammill, a dairy farmer who is secretary-manager of the P.E.I. Federation of Agriculture, says: "The backbone of the Island is the family farm. We want to see it stay that way. The farmer has the expertise in producing, and Irving has the expertise in processing and marketing."

About 150 potato producers sell to Cavendish Farms, the Irving processing plant, and they fear that an Irving land acquisition would mean the company could grow its own potatoes and freeze Island growers out. (Irving says it plans to plant potatoes on only 2,000 acres at a time; the rest of the land would be kept as spare acreage for crop rotation.) A residue of ill will toward Irving remains from last year,

when Cavendish Farms refused to pay the five cents a pound demanded by producers represented by the P.E.I. Processing Council, the bargaining arm of the provincial marketing board. No contract was signed, and Cavendish went to the open market.

In its letter to Chappell, Irving only expressed an interest in buying the 6,000 acres. The government's public statements on the Irving proposal appear to reflect the ambivalence of the cabinet toward this particular non-resident, corporate landowner. If Cavendish made a formal application, the government said at first, the cabinet would consider it. But in the legislature, the premier said chances of such a land sale going through are slim.

The problem is that Irving's plans for expansion mean jobs and tax revenues for the Island. In 1979, Cavendish bought 30% of the Island's potato crop, or 1.5 million tons of potatoes. The processing plant employs 400 people, but it has a history of financial problems dating back to its beginnings in the early Sixties. By the time Irving bought Cavendish Farms from C.M. McLean two years ago, Cavendish had taken out \$2 million in provincially backed loans and received promises of grants from DREE totalling almost \$4 million. Now there's talk of another \$1.5 million in grants.

Don Anderson, manager of the P.E.I. Potato Marketing Board, says he believes some agriculture organizations have been too fierce in their opposition to Irving's expansion plans. "People know the facts about the processing industry and how close we were to losing it," he says. "Thank God someone with financial resources and industrial capabilities has taken it over."

An official in the Land Use Commission criticizes the cabinet for not standing by its own policies. The issue is clear-cut, he insists: All the cabinet has to do is say no.

Gordon Lank's agriculture committee isn't expected to take a stand specifically on the Irving case. The committee's mandate is to look at the legislation in general terms. And that means that whenever Irving gets around to making a formal request to buy the 6,000 acres—if it ever does—the P.E.I. government will be left holding the same old hot potato. — Rob Dykstra



Lank: Another Irving will come along

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## Nova Scotia

# The C.R.U.D. hits the fan in Cumberland County

*Local residents said no, thank you, to a hazardous wastes disposal facility for their backyard. They may get it anyway*

One Sunday last April, 300 wage earners and taxpayers handed their elected representatives a petition signed by 2,200 Cumberland County residents. The message was coded in the acronym of the rally organizers, C.R.U.D.—Cumberland Rejects Unhealthful Dump. A month earlier, the Cumberland District Planning Commission had leaked word to county council that Cumberland County was a logical site for a rumored Maritime hazardous wastes disposal facility. A federal report called *Hazardous Wastes Inventory Report* confirmed that the county was on a short list of sites.

Bureaucrats reassured the public: Data were preliminary, more study was needed, no specific site had been selected. Cumberland County warden, Gardner Hurley, worried: "We realize the study is in the preliminary stages, although you're never really sure what 'preliminary' means." Council passed a motion rejecting the dump. Government ministers George Henley (Lands and Forests) and Roger Bacon (Agriculture and Marketing) pledged that as long as they were in power there would be no dump in Cumberland County. But many residents aren't swallowing the promise whole.

Public support for C.R.U.D. outstripped the group's expectations. Dick

Beswick and Paul Kyle, both of Tidnish, say C.R.U.D.'s point has been made, but general store owner Kyle doesn't believe the battle is over: "When we got more and more support, it seemed that it was democracy in action. But if it goes through now, well, then it's a pretty sad commentary on our system of government. Either the decisions have become so complex or the civil service is so concerned with covering its ass that politicians can't go in and say, 'No way.'"

The Maritime provinces produce 140,000 tonnes of hazardous waste annually, of which 10,000 tonnes, says Ian Travers, head of the federal Environmental Protection Service's (EPS) hazardous wastes section, is "hard core junk"—PCBs, pesticides, paint sludges and other toxic chemicals which require special treatment. At least 35% of these hazardous byproducts are disposed of by "unacceptable methods": In leaking landfill sites, down sewers and on roadsides. The estimates are probably conservative. Researchers depended on the willingness and honesty of plant managers. "Effectively," Beswick says, "it's like asking people: 'When is the last time you committed a crime?'"

Everyone, including C.R.U.D., agrees something must be done quickly. But the cleanup scenarios vary: On-site



*Kyle: Democracy in action or a sad commentary on system?*

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## Nova Scotia

treatment by industry, recycling through a waste exchange program, temporary and permanent storage above ground or in secure landfill. Or there's the federal master plan, a combination of all these methods with a central Maritime disposal facility.

**W**aste management comes under provincial jurisdiction and, ultimately, the decision will be a political one. Nova Scotia's apparent leaning toward on-site treatment sidesteps the sensitive issue of transport of wastes across provincial borders (from N.B. to N.S.) and downplays the need for a central facility in somebody's backyard.

C.R.U.D.'s Beswick insists that common decency must figure in the decision-making: "Cumberland County doesn't get the benefits of industrial concentration, so why should it accept the risks? If the dump was good for anyone, it would be located in Halifax or Saint John." C.R.U.D. favors locating smaller treatment units near major centres of waste generation.

The word "dump" rankles EPS's Ian Travers. "C.R.U.D. is mistakenly thinking about a dump. We're planning on treating waste, not dumping it." The waste treatment facility the feds have in mind would be modelled after European detoxification plants and equipped with laboratories. But it would include a landfill component—a "dump"—which is why the area near Springhill with its pockets of impermeable clay, crucial to containment of liquid wastes, is so important.

Present municipal landfills weren't designed to deal with hazardous wastes. PCBs are leaching from the abandoned Amherst municipal dump. Jens Jensen, director of the Cumberland District Planning Commission, thinks even unproven technology poses less risk than the status quo. He says he can't handle hazardous wastes from local industry and believes that the cost of on-site treatment would be prohibitive for some small-town, marginal industries.

C.R.U.D. and county council argue that industry should bear the burden of cleaning up its own mess. But Kyle concedes: "Better the government spend \$30 million helping industry clean itself up than risk polluting one particular region beyond repair."

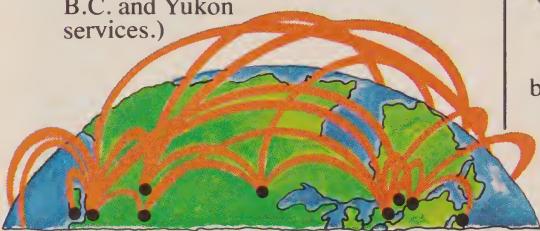
If it opts to treat Maritime wastes, the N.S. government faces a hard selling job. N.S. Department of Environment's Dr. Bob Bailey says: "The trick is to have an honest, not a propaganda, program. Sometimes it's a thin line between the two."

— Harry Thurston



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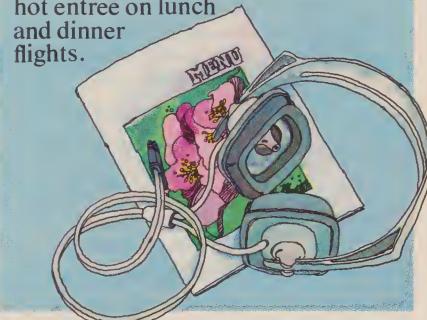


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# THE FOUR SQUARE GOSPEL TEMPLE

# AIMEE



Aimee: She was audacious, outrageous, glamorous

not a happy person," she says.

But Rogerson's life and luck have changed. It's a rainy spring day in Charlottetown, but her mood in no way matches the weather. This is where she grew up, and her arrival from her home in Toronto is a special homecoming. Her mother, who lives across the bridge in Southport, is at the airport to meet her. So is Bill Hancox, administrator of the Confederation Centre of the Arts. At the Centre, where Rogerson has just landed a summer job, there are hugs from the office staff, a kiss on the cheek from a commissionaire in the foyer. This is familiar territory for Rogerson. She has played secondary roles in three previous seasons at the Charlottetown Festival. But today, her name alone is on the marquee above the Centre's Queen Street entrance: "Maida Rogerson stars as Aimee," it says. Rogerson has just signed a contract to play her first

## Maida's got it made

*After 15 years of blaming the world for the parts she didn't get, Maida Rogerson decided she wouldn't settle for second-rate acting jobs anymore. She didn't, and the P.E.I.-born actress has her first starring role—as Aimee in the Charlottetown Festival's latest production—and a new outlook on life*

By Marian Bruce

**M**aida Rogerson has always looked as sunny as your favorite Sunday school teacher—curly hair, big, blue eyes and a whole lot of teeth. She smiles often, and with dazzling effect, so it's no surprise to learn that she helps pay the bills by selling toothpaste on television. She also has a wonderful laugh—a robust belly-laugh that, coming from this fragile-looking, five-foot-three person, is almost startling.

Her friends back in Charlottetown will tell you that Maida's always been a bubbly kind of girl. She's not so sure. Behind that wide smile for much of her professional career, she says, was a surly woman with a chip on her shoulder. There was the business about training for years for an operatic career but never really enjoying singing. Settling for a series of nondescript jobs as a singer-actress. Going through endless crises of confidence. Quitting the stage entirely for three years. "I was

starring role—the audacious, outrageous, glamorous evangelist, Aimee Semple McPherson—in the Festival's new musical, *Aimee!* The part, Rogerson says, is "just about as nice as you can get." And it means that, at the age of 42, she's finally getting her first big break in show business.

The show is an upbeat musical that portrays 20 years in the life of the Canadian-born evangelist—her beginnings as an itinerant preacher in the Twenties, her spectacular career as a clerical superstar in Los Angeles, her scandal-clouded personal life.

The play, written by Patrick Young and Bob Ashley, won this year's \$10,000 Eric Harvie Award for Musical Theatre, established by the Centre last year. After its July 3 opening, *Aimee!* will play in repertory with *Anne of*

*Green Gables*, now in its 17th season, and *Fauntleroy*, back for the second year. Unofficially—and accidentally—it's the Year of the Woman at the Charlottetown Festival. Besides the shows focusing on Aimee and Anne, there are two one-woman productions in the Cameo Cabaret across the street: Susan Cox stars in *Miss Lillie* and Mag Ruffman in *Magcap*. There's also, of course, a hefty female part in *Fauntleroy*—the little lord's beautiful and saintly mother. That, too, has gone this year to Maida Rogerson.

Centre officials say she was chosen for her talent, not her background, but nobody expects Rogerson's prominence in the Festival to do the box office any harm. She's had a province-wide following on the Island since she was a teen-ager, when she sang in

Trinity United Church choir in Charlottetown, excelled in every musical festival and performed on local radio and television. She started singing in public at age four as part of her church's Mission Band choir. Music, her mother recalls, was Maida's whole life as a young girl. "She always wanted to go on stage. She never wanted to teach. That's all she ever wanted." Friends who knew her during the years she was studying at Mount Allison University remember vividly her determination to become a professional singer. "She was going to do it at whatever personal cost," one says.

**A**t 19, she left for Vienna on a scholarship from her home church. She didn't speak German. She had never seen an opera. But a friend was going to Vienna to study piano, and Maida decided to join her. "I really didn't have the background to make a solid career decision," she says. "But I knew I wanted something more, at that time, than marriage or teaching. All I knew was that you had to work hard. That ethic I understood." The two girls shared a very tiny room with a very large grand piano. Maida practised so hard she lost her voice. "I was so scared, I can't tell you. You come from Prince Edward Island to a culture and a language you don't know anything about....I thought I knew it all; when I got there, I realized I knew nothing."

She stayed in Europe for three years, eventually becoming fluent in German and Italian, practically living in the theatres and opera houses of Rome and Vienna. Then she enrolled in the opera school at the University of Toronto and later toured with the Canadian Opera Company for two years. "I was fairly limited as an opera singer," she says. "I never did get a good vocal technique, with all my studying. At least, I didn't feel I had. And more than that, it just wasn't satisfying me, I guess."

About 10 years ago, she decided to quit and become a social worker. "I had all kinds of guilt," she says, "because I had been given a lot of support and help from people here who had faith in me. I felt I had failed in some way." As a kind of expiation for the sin of letting down the folks at home, she'd devote her life to helping other people, "absolutely the worst reason for going into social work." She took some counselling courses and talked herself into a job on the psychiatric unit at the Toronto General Hospital. The first or second year, she took a few singing lessons, just to keep her hand in. By the end of the third year, she was hooked again.

The comeback wasn't easy. Roger-



Getting control over her voice and her life

## Cover Story



**Aimee will share the spotlight with Anne: The Year of the Woman**

son's confidence was so low, she was ready to take any small job—understudies, chorus—just to keep working. In the past eight years, she's done almost everything—revues, television, films, musical comedy, the classics. She's appeared on the stage from Charlottetown to Winnipeg, starred in TV soap, toothpaste and grocery store commercials ("We don't have soap, we have Zest; it's better than soap"), toured with *Les Feux Follets* as lead singer. For years, she accepted a lot of "itsy-bitsy" parts. "I felt so unconfident, I fell into the trap of thinking I'd learn a lot, standing on the stage with the actresses and actors of Stratford. And you do learn. But you don't learn anything like you do working in a small theatre doing a major role. You have to create a space for yourself to grow. And you have to have a vision of yourself that's bigger than what you are at the moment, or you stay stuck."

A couple of years ago, she decided she'd never again settle for second-rate jobs. "For a long time," she says, "I blamed people for not getting the kind of work I thought I should get. But nobody was making me take small jobs. It's so clear to me now. I would go into an audition with a chip on my shoulder because people had not given me the kind of work I thought I deserved. That's such a bunch of bull. I

truly think you get what you put out. There is luck involved. But nobody to blame. I spent 15 years blaming the world."

The role of Aimee felt right from the time she first tried out for it. She didn't have the anxiety she'd normally experience (until she read the script and realized how badly she wanted the part). Her husband, Martin Rutte, who has a company that runs manage-

ment seminars, began planning their summer the minute he heard about the play. By May, they had arranged to rent a cottage for the summer near Maida's mother (her father, a federal butter inspector, died a few years ago). It will be a real family summer. Maida's sister, Joan Thompson, lives in nearby Cross Roads; a brother, Brent, works backstage at Confederation Centre, and a couple of nieces will be working as ushers in the theatre.

Like Aimee, Maida was bitten by the show business bug as a young girl. Now, for the first time, she's firmly committed to working as a singer-actress. She's become confident enough to turn down work. She makes a good living, and when she's not working, she's constantly taking classes—dance, singing, acting. And, after studying music since childhood, she finally feels she has learned how to sing. Singing has become a pleasure since she's accepted the fact that she has only a "reasonably-sized" voice, not an enormous one, and no longer tries to manufacture a sound she doesn't have.

Her singing teacher tells her: "Your voice is no different from your life." Maida believes that. "My voice is loosening up," she says, "and I'm getting the control over it that I want. I know what's going on with it is very reflective of my life."



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# Can Stephenville be the next Charlottetown?

*A hard-luck Newfoundland community thinks it may have found a future in the Stephenville Festival of the Arts*

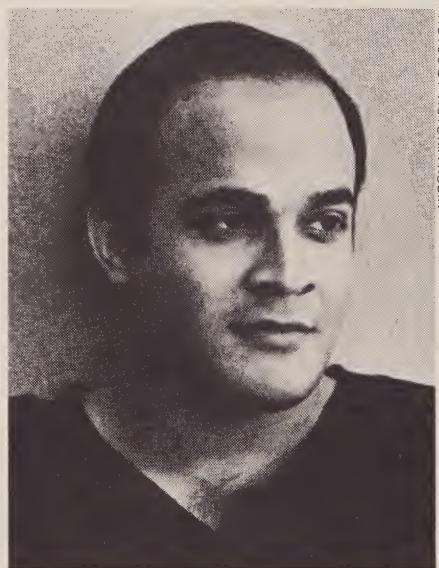
If Shakespeare in a rented tent could bring Stratford off the skids, and Shaw in an old courthouse could put Niagara-on-the-Lake on the map, what odds for Stephenville and its theatre festival in an abandoned air base? "It was insane," says artistic director Maxim Mazumdar about the founding season of the Stephenville Festival of the Arts. With \$7,500 and three months' warning, they pulled off a four-week summer theatre school and a two-show repertoire. That was in 1979. This year, with more than \$100,000 raised, 30 students and a staff of theatre professionals have been feverishly training since late June for a third season (July 17 to Aug. 2) which includes *Oh Coward!*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *The Miracle Worker*, *Oliver!*, a dramatization of Ted Russell's *Tales from Pigeon Inlet*, and an original takeoff of *The Newfoundland Herald*. Festival organizers are proudly calling Stephenville, "Newfoundland's Festival City."

You can't blame the good citizens of Stephenville for being a little sceptical. After the U.S. military pullout and the Labrador linerboard mill fiasco, the town is still trying to pull itself together. But the Festival likely wouldn't have happened in Stephenville if it were still a boom town. Louise Walsh and Cheryl Stagg (now officers of the Festival's board of directors and full-time volunteers) wouldn't have been looking for a project to help breathe some life back into their town. The 447-seat Arts and Culture Centre wouldn't have been virtually shut down for the summer and available for a crazy scheme. (Festival shows also play in the nearby Caribou Curling Club, de-iced and renamed "The Other Space," and outdoors at the war memorial.) The old Harmon Air Base barracks and mess hall, which the Bay St. George Community College uses in winter, wouldn't have been free to house and feed summer theatre students for as little as \$45 a week. And people wouldn't have been as willing to rifle their basements for props and throw potluck suppers for the actors. Despite some pressure to move the

Festival to St. John's, Mazumdar says, "I'm committed to the Festival staying in Stephenville. They saw us through the hard times, and people are now beginning to think of it as 'our Festival.'"

The combination theatre school and festival materialized quickly after Stephenville hosted the provincial drama festival (a week-long amateur competition) in April, 1979. Bombay-born Mazumdar, who, at 28, has an international reputation as actor and director (he's best known for his one-man Oscar Wilde show, *Oscar Remembered*) and two other theatre foundations under his belt, was adjudicator for the second year in a row. Actors were lamenting the lack of a theatre school in the east and the high cost of a summer course at the School of Fine Arts at Alberta's Banff Centre. Mazumdar, meanwhile, was falling in love with Newfoundland and the "terrific energy" of its theatre. "My head was telling me no, but my heart said yes," he says. "I was still running the Phoenix Theatre in Montreal and I had engagements lined up to the end of 1980, but I knew something was about to happen."

Students who get accepted at the school (preference is given to applicants from Newfoundland and the Maritimes) do not have an easy six weeks ahead of them. For a mere \$50-a-week fee, they get classes from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. in voice, acting, dance and theatre history with professionals like Canadian choreographer Julie Rank and British ballet star John Gilpin, rehearsals at night. And no slouches allowed: "I've dismissed people in the first week for being lazy," Mazumdar says. "Talent is only one factor in the school. Endurance and determination are



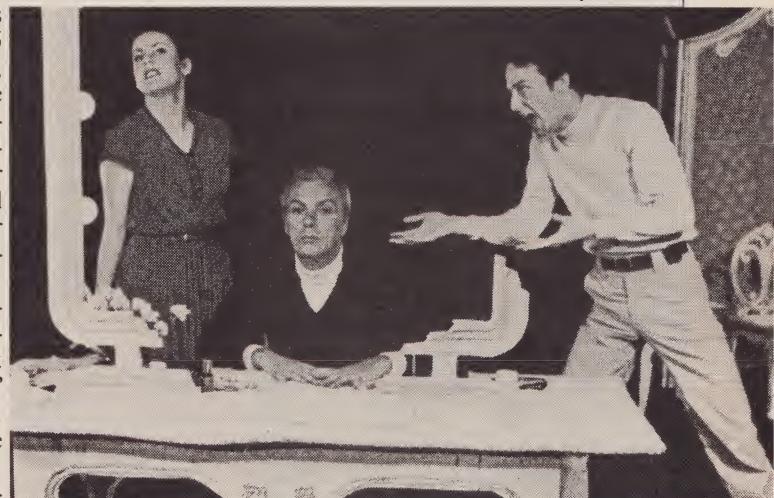
PHOTOS BY VICTORIA RUBIN

**Mazumdar: His heart said yes**

often just as important."

When it comes to looking into the future, nothing is too big for this Festival crowd to dream of. "The next Charlottetown," "Stratford of the East," "Newfoundland's greatest tourist attraction," they say. "We're not afraid of anything," Louise Walsh says. "If we were, we wouldn't have gotten this far." Walsh and Stagg visited Stratford last year and got more tips and encouragement than they had hoped for. Mazumdar is working on signing a big-name star for next year, to be the drawing card for Stephenville that Maggie Smith has been for Stratford. The Festival players have been invited back to the international Edinburgh Festival where, last August, critics ranked them in the top 10 of nearly 400 productions. All this and more in a town which, Mazumdar says, wasn't just *not* a theatre-going town, it had a reputation as the place to kill any tour.

— Amy Zierler



**Teri Snelgrove, John Gilpin, Jeff Pitcher in *Invitation to Dance***

# The high cost of success

One afternoon this spring, the administrative staff at Confederation Centre uncorked a bottle of champagne and posed for a publicity shot. Bill Hancox, the Centre's executive director, was dubious about the image the champagne glasses would create: He didn't want Prince Edward Islanders to think the Centre was squandering scarce dollars on demon booze. But he went along with the stunt. It was, after all, a rare occasion: For the first time in 16 years, the Centre had made money on a national tour—\$100,000 on a nine-city tour across Canada by *Anne of Green Gables*.

Despite *Anne*'s phenomenal popularity, it has so far not been able to turn the Charlottetown Festival into a money-making proposition. Every summer, *Anne* plays to full or nearly full houses all season, playing in repertory with two or three other shows on the main stage. The return on costs is still only about 60%, Hancox says. Last year, the Festival had a deficit of

about \$200,000 (covered by Canada Council grants).

Like most arts organizations in Canada, Confederation Centre is chronically starved for funds. Centre officials predict that the three-year deficit for 1980 to 1983 will amount to \$1.5 million. Because it's a national institution—a shrine to the Fathers of Confederation—funding comes from Ottawa, seven provincial governments and private contributors. This year, government grants were only about 2% above last year's. Centre administrators set up a special committee to determine what the future of the Charlottetown Festival will be, in light of the financial problems. Already, the Festival has dropped its second stage, which began presenting original Canadian plays at the Festival in 1977. And Hancox told the Federal Cultural Policy Review Committee (Applebaum Commission) this spring that the Centre probably will cut back on all Festival operations in the next two years.

In some respects, the Festival has been tremendously successful. It's the only place in the country that produces original, large-scale Canadian musicals. That means jobs for scores of Canadian authors, playwrights, composers, directors, designers, musicians and actors. Since the Festival began in 1965, it has produced 35 original Canadian musicals, the most successful being *Anne of Green Gables*. It has played on three continents to more than 600,000 people, toured Canada four times, performed at Expo '67 in Montreal, Expo '70 in Osaka, Japan, New York and London. Last year's new show, *Fauntleroy*, was another critical and box office success. Three musicals have been produced as national television specials.

It costs about \$200,000 to stage a play on the scale of *Anne* and *Fauntleroy*. The Centre has the only unionized backstage in the region, and the performers are all Equity members, which means their salaries are on a par with those in, say, Toronto. But the Centre can't charge Toronto ticket prices. About 90% of Festival audiences are tourists, and most of them are looking for a place the family can go



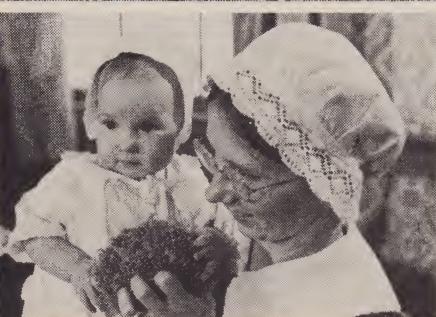
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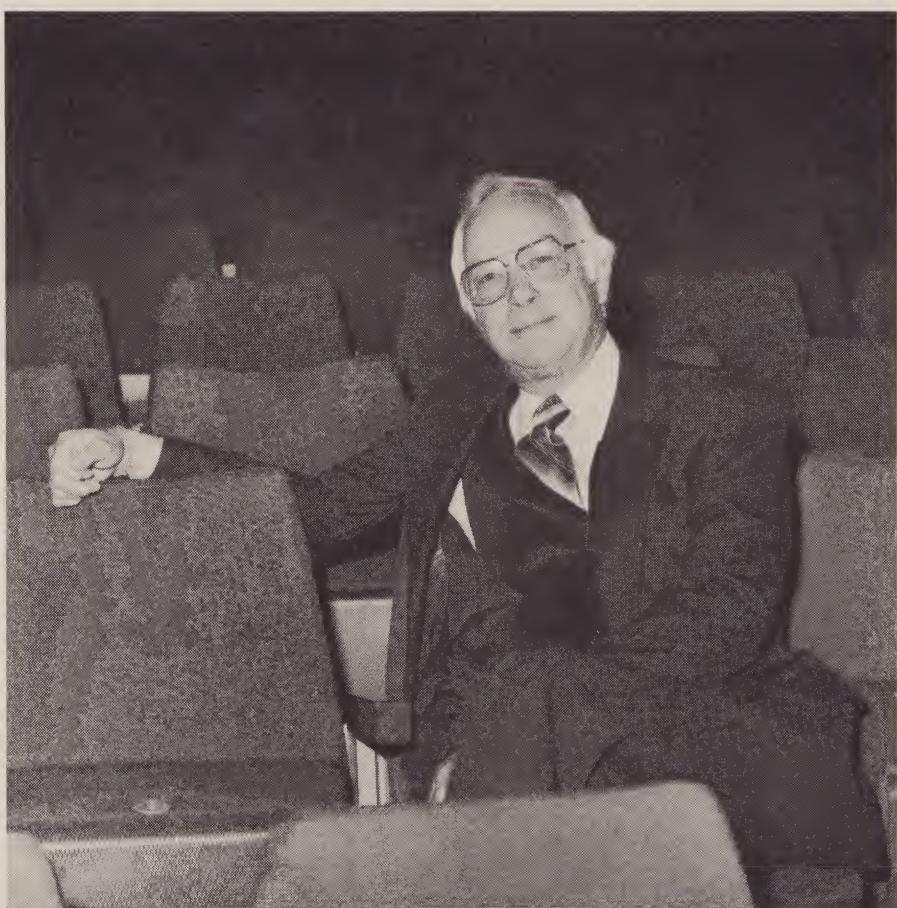
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for reasonably priced entertainment. This year, tickets went up 20% to a maximum of \$12.50. That's still a bargain compared with Toronto's O'Keefe Centre, where it costs up to \$17.50 to see the same show. "If we overprice them, we're going to be in trouble," Hancox says. "Better to have the theatre full at \$12.50 than a third full at \$17.50."

Because the Centre is a long way from any major urban area (unlike, say, Stratford), it has to depend on two summer months to do most of its business. Meanwhile, the rest of the complex has to be heated and staffed the rest of the year. The restaurant can't afford to stay open in winter. The art gallery takes in no revenue. But the Centre is trying to expand its convention and banquet business to help pay the bills, and officials are conducting a national campaign to raise \$1.5 million from private donors. "It is not an easy task," Hancox told the Applebaum Commission. "It is not easy, for example, to convince the president of B.C. Forest Products, who operates only in the province of British Columbia, and who has a responsibility to support B.C. arts organizations, that he should also contribute to an arts complex 4,000 miles away in Charlottetown."

— Marian Bruce



RICHARD FURLONG

Hancox: Keeping the seats occupied in Charlottetown

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# St. Pierre: *C'est si bon*



You don't have to be a hedonist to enjoy a visit to St. Pierre, France's last North American outpost. But it helps

By Amy Zierler

**B**etween the fog and the wine, everything is a little fuzzy. I remember waking up to the sound of my head pounding and rain making puddles in the narrow street below, pretending I was Marcel Proust, the French novelist who could conjure up all the textures of the street by the sound of rain on it. Proust's world was so infinitely rich, he could have found significance in a hangover. Muscadet, Beaujolais, cognac, *rum et pepsi*.

Bright little Renaults and Citroens buzzing through Place de Général de Gaulle, their rumblings muffled in the fog which had not lifted overnight. What is the French word for hangover, I wondered, struggling to dress and answer a gentle knock at the door. A young woman with short strawberry hair and a shy smile, from which came mercifully clear English, had trays of juice, coffee and croissants. Ah, the French know how to live, I sighed as I crawled back into bed with a glass of

Come by boat: It's reliable

juice, thankful I would survive to tell Canada about Boudin Saint Jacques.

*Boudin* is normally a blood sausage, and Jacques must be the patron saint of scallops because the delicious *coquilles* which bear his name (baked in cream sauce) are world famous. The unique *boudin* named in Jacques' honor is a pale plump sausage made of scallop meat tucked into a bed of spinach with a light, fishy white sauce. It was concocted, the story goes, by a chef in France who shared it with a colleague who brought it 3,000 miles to the Joinville restaurant in St. Pierre, the capital of all that remains of French

North America. St. Pierre, the urban-looking island home of 6,000 citizens of France, lies less than 20 miles off the toe of Newfoundland's Burin Peninsula. From Newfoundland shores on a clear day you can see parts of the Saint Pierre and Miquelon archipelago (less than 100 square miles in all), but often the capital is wrapped in a fog which keeps its gaze turned inward. The St. Pierrais seem to have an effortless hold on their heritage, inflicting on their town neither neo-preservation chic nor neglect. To a North American, at least, stunned by the sameness of fast food joints and shopping malls, St. Pierre's quiet oldness is a tonic for sore eyes: Low buildings in wood and stucco, their pastel paint looking comfortably worn, their windows dressed in lace and flowers. Boudin Saint Jacques is just one of the reasons I will go back to St. Pierre.

The red-haired maid, it turned out, spoke such good English because she is a Newfoundland, continuing a long

cooking for her little restaurant, Chez Dutin.

Eating is far and away the favorite pastime in St. Pierre, and not just for tourists. Although the town depends heavily on the summer flock of visitors, its six major restaurants stay open all year (some with lowered off-season prices) and the local trade keeps them busy. The dining room of the Hôtel Ile de France serves skate wings (*raie*, the delicate fins of a local flatfish which Newfoundland fishermen don't care to catch) and thick slices of an outrageously rich ice-cream layer cake called *vacherin*, after the cow which makes it all possible. At \$40-\$50 a night in hotels and \$20-\$30 in pensions, accommodations are not cheap, but continental breakfast comes with most rooms. Nearly everything shuts down from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m., except restaurants. They stay open until 2 p.m., then close until dinner which usually starts around 8 p.m. In between, crusty long loaves, fresh pastries with a

manure and kitchen-scrap compost, the St. Pierrais seem to forget they are living on a rocky fogbound island in the North Atlantic (though it was a jealous sort of smirk I let slip when I saw Good Luck margarine and Cavendish Farms frozen vegetables being off-loaded from the CN ferry *Hopedale*).

Four hundred years of rugged insular life has bred an independent people in Saint Pierre and Miquelon, a part of France and yet apart. St. Pierrais refer to "France," meaning that power across the ocean, in the same way some Newfoundlanders still speak of "Canada" as if they had never joined up. Except for a brief settlement by expelled Acadians, many of whom later retreated to the Magdalen Islands where they could do a bit of farming, most residents trace their roots directly to France. It was Basque and Breton fishermen who turned the archipelago into a haven for their fishery. Today their descendants celebrate Bastille



DAVID NICHOLS

#### Place de Général de Gaulle

tradition of Newfoundland women who came to work and often settled in the French islands. Many arrived during the Depression: While Newfoundland starved, St. Pierre thrived thanks to a brisk and perfectly legal trade in alcohol during Canadian and U.S. Prohibition. Mme Dutin, whose dining room boasts some of the best cooking in St. Pierre, grew up in the Burin Peninsula outport of Lamaline, came to work in a St. Pierre home and married a Frenchman. Unfortunately she was unwell during my visit and not up to dinner guests, so I didn't get to meet her. In her 80s now, Mme Dutin still does most of the

thousand names, cheeses and wine are around every corner.

The meal which began with Boudin Saint Jacques ended with a simple lettuce salad so tender and fresh I could have sworn it was picked that day. So it was. But this was the first of May and back in St. John's (where the spring fog is somewhat less persistent than it is in St. Pierre) the grass was just beginning to green and sensible gardeners hadn't sown a seed yet. In their intensive little backyard gardens, built up with real French soil (brought from *La Métropole* as ballast in the sailing ships which would take back fish) and fortified today with horse

Day, but relations with France are often cool. Initially, the islands earned their keep with the salt cod they sent to France, and *La Métropole* rewarded the colony with fabulous subsidies on food and other goods she provided. Since 1976, when France changed the status of the islands from a colonial territory to a province-like *département*, the subsidies have gradually disappeared. By Canadian standards, however, many of the goods available in St. Pierre shops are still a bargain. With francs better than four to a dollar, 17-franc litres of good rum and 90-franc blouses from Paris are reasons enough why Canada Customs officers

## Travel

at Fortune and Marystow are especially vigilant.

The St. Pierrais are not happy with their elevation in the French political structure. "It was done without any consultation," says Jean-Pierre Andrieux, our guide for a foggy evening's tour of St. Pierre. "The *département* was shoved down our throats." The reason for the change is a French government secret, but offshore oil probably has a good deal to do with it. There are companies interested in drilling off Saint Pierre and Miquelon but until Canada and France can agree on whose 200-mile limit prevails and where, any hydrocarbons will stay under the sea. Turning its former colony into a province was a way for France to assert her presence in these hostile waters. Meanwhile, Canada's 200-mile limit has crippled the local fishing industry: Where foreign trawlers used to crowd the St. Pierre wharfs to put their catches in cold storage while they waited for shipment to other ports (an activity prohibited on Canadian shores), the flow of foreign boats has slowed to a trickle. Local fishermen now fall under Canadian regulations which has meant severe restrictions on their Grand Banks cod catches.

Hotelier, wine importer, tour operator, shipping agent and local historian, 35-year-old Jean-Pierre is a story in himself. (We can call him by his first name because, as one St. Pierre man said, "Everyone in St. Pierre is *tu*.") Born in Canada to St. Pierre parents (his father was a sea captain), Jean-Pierre holds dual Canadian and French citizenship, which made him a natural to become the first Canadian consul to Saint Pierre and Miquelon. Don Jamieson created the honorary position when he was minister for External Affairs and MP for Burin-St. Georges, and Jean-Pierre credits their family friendship for improved connections between Newfoundland and the French islands. Residents travelling between St. Pierre and Canada no longer require passports, the CN coastal ferry run between Port aux Basques and Argentina now includes a regular stop in St. Pierre (for which Jean-Pierre is agent), and paving of the Burin Peninsula highway also helped increase passenger

traffic on the small ferries from Fortune. Because summer fogs often delay airplanes, Jean-Pierre insists boat travel is the only reliable way to get to St. Pierre. His hotel, Hôtel Robert, will not accept reservations from tourists coming by air.

**S**muggling has always been an important part of relations between the French islands and their neighbors. In the last century Newfoundlanders smuggled squid for cod bait to Saint Pierre and Miquelon fishermen after the Newfoundland government, to protect the local fishery, outlawed the sale of bait to foreign fishermen. And smuggling brought Saint Pierre and Miquelon the only decade of real prosperity the islands have ever known. Although their own role in supplying liquor to Americans and Canadians under Prohibition was quite legal, the French remember 1922 to 1933 as the

vessels which boosted shipbuilding in places like Lunenburg and Meteghan. Consul-historian Jean-Pierre is writing a book on the much-neglected role his homeland played in Prohibition (McClelland and Stewart plan publication in 1982), and his fascinating collection of artifacts of the trade are in a little museum off the restored bar room in Hôtel Robert.

I didn't get to the two larger islands in the archipelago, Langlade (closest to St. Pierre) and Miquelon. Except for a fishing village of 500 on the northern end of Miquelon and the scattered summer fishing stations, these islands are almost completely wild. Some of the Miquelon residents open their homes to tourists in summer, when at least one boat makes a daily trip from St. Pierre.

When European sailing ships first began coming to these islands, they lay

DAVID NICHOLS

seven miles apart, but 200 years ago a sandy thread began to rise from the sea until, aided by the ships which founded on it, it joined Langlade and Miquelon. The Dunes, as the isthmus is known, is littered with the bleaching bones of lost vessels, just a few of the more than 600 ships the shores of Saint Pierre and Miquelon have claimed in the last two centuries alone.

But it's not all bad news onshore. Bounty from the wrecks over the years has cheered the somewhat bleak existence on Miquelon and Langlade. The seas have yielded up strange harvests of coal, sugar, wheat, rum, paint, preserves and live cattle. And to replenish the dwindling wood supply on Langlade (the once well-treed part of the archipelago) Canadian pulpwood lost from broken booms or overloaded decks has drifted in on the currents so often, it's known locally as *bois de mer*.

I thought perhaps when I went back to Saint Pierre and Miquelon I would camp out on The Dunes and cook a little fish over a fire of *bois de mer*, and so avoid the temptations of all that wonderful wine in St. Pierre. But it would probably be my luck to have a case of something dry and chilled wash up on shore beside my sleeping bag.

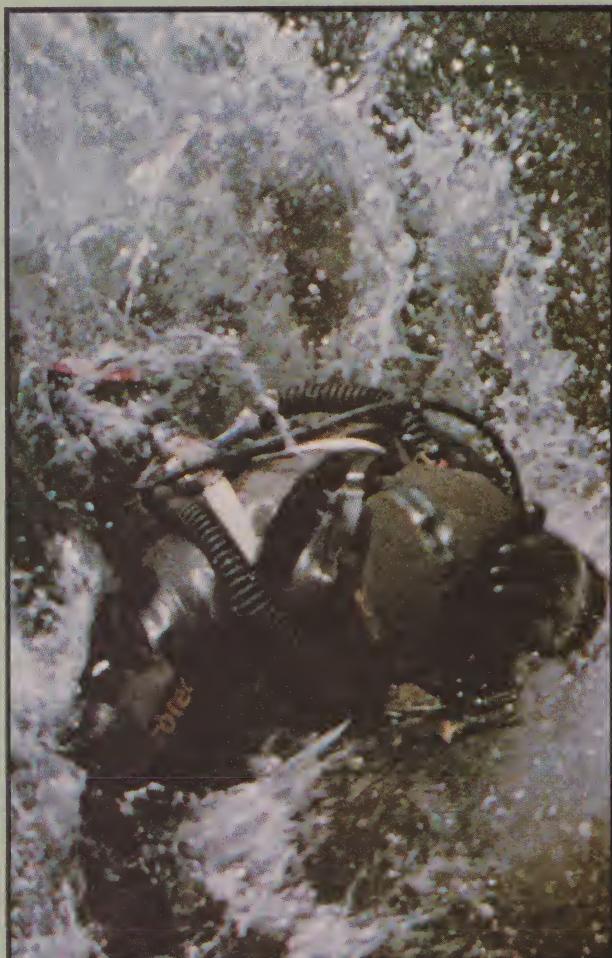


Comfortably worn houses

time of *la fraude* ("the smuggle"). In Canada, distillers could continue manufacturing liquor, but only for export, and overnight small-town St. Pierre became a bustling trans-shipment centre. Every available building was turned over to the distillers' agents to warehouse the booze which arrived daily from Canada and Scotland. With well over 100,000 cases arriving in St. Pierre each month, there was plenty of stevedoring work, but most of the big money went to the distillers themselves and to American smuggling bosses, like Al Capone, who became frequent and welcome visitors to St. Pierre. Local merchants usually got 50 cents a case for handling. A local tax, although small, accumulated enough to finance major harbor improvements.

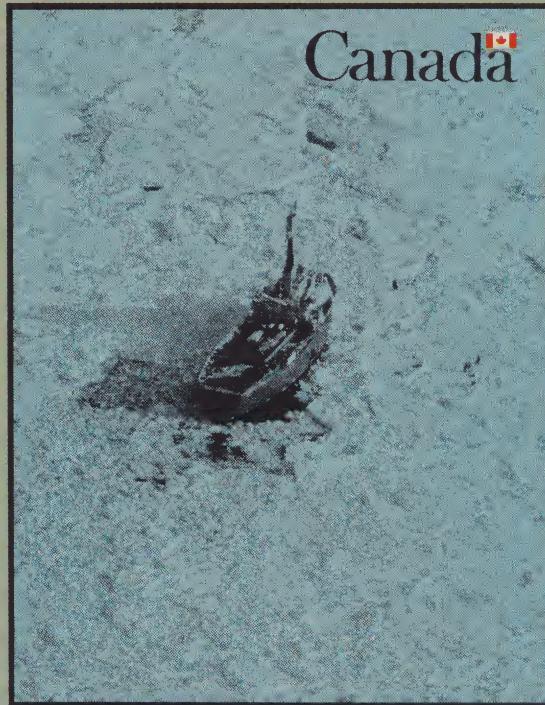
From St. Pierre the liquor was loaded onto ships, mostly from the Maritimes: Old schooners pressed back into service and fast new diesel-powered

# DREE...IN THE STRANGEST PLACES



Up on Gros Morne...with research crews in iceberg alley...in the cockpit of an E.P.A. flight simulator...or under the Northumberland Strait. You'll find us in the strangest places.

*Because we believe:  
Development is where you find it!*



Government  
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Regional  
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Expansion  
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DREE...the federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion

## MINERALS

Potash development in New Brunswick resulted from one of the many DREE initiatives in the minerals sector across the region; programs include inventories, mapping, data banks, research and, in some areas, core libraries.



## INCENTIVES

Some \$230 million in industrial incentives grants under the Regional Development Incentives Act (RDIA) are expected to generate over 30,000 jobs in the region and stimulate private investment of over \$824 million.

## NORDCO

The Newfoundland Oceans Research and Development Corporation (NORDCO), assisted in its formative years by DREE, provides vital data to offshore operations in both fisheries and oil and gas development.

## DREE'S FIRST DECADE

When it was formed in 1969, the federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion was like a younger sister who got hand-me-down projects from a number of other departments. But during the 70's, the seemingly unrelated projects blended into a mosaic of development. A pattern evolved which enabled the Atlantic Region to meet the challenges of the 80's with a growing sense of confidence.

It all probably started with a hole in the ground. Water systems and sewers were needed if development was to follow. Industrial parks were needed to encourage new industry and to diversify the industrial base. Financial assistance to manufacturers also set in motion the creation of an estimated 30,000 jobs.

But DREE programs touch many beyond the factory. Some may have touched your life. For instance, have you driven along Moncton's Wheeler Boulevard lately? Have you taken the Bedford by-pass or turned on the Mackay Highway in Saint John? Perhaps the direct route from Donovan's industrial park to the waterfront in St. John's has impressed you. Speaking of waterfronts, maybe you are one of the thousands of Haligonians who share a new pride in their restructured waterfront.

You'll find a touch of DREE in these and many other projects across the region. If you work in forestry, pulp and paper, agriculture, minerals, tourism or transportation, chances are that DREE, in its ubiquitous search for development, and in its commitment of \$2 billion to the people of Atlantic Canada, has somehow touched your life.





## AGRICULTURE

Programs include land consolidation, incentives for land improvement, high protein crops, financing of grain elevators for storage of feed, and assistance in upgrading beef herds, dairy cattle, hogs and sheep. DREE commitment to date is \$58.6 million.



## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

A 15-year Comprehensive Development Plan, signed with the province of Prince Edward Island by DREE, provides assistance in agriculture, forestry, fisheries, industrial development, transportation, marketing and tourism. DREE has committed \$285.6 million to the island's economy since 1969.



## FORESTRY

Objectives vary from province to province, but most forestry programs include forest management incentives to woodlot owners and reforestation assistance. DREE has committed \$245 million to this sector through agreements with the Atlantic provinces.



## TOURISM

Over \$92 million has been committed to the establishment of major local attractions such as Kings Landing and the Acadian Village, to construct marinas and golf courses, to develop ski areas, and provide training to personnel.



## INDUSTRIAL PARKS

Fifty-six DREE assisted industrial parks generate more than 18,000 person-years of employment, of which 75 per cent is incremental. Incubator malls near some parks offer rental space to new firms.

## THERE'S A TANG OF SALT IN THE REGION'S FUTURE

Offshore oil and gas ventures, the 200-mile limit, replenishing fish stocks, and increased ocean traffic in major ports, all promise to make the 80's Atlantic Canada's ocean decade.

While the oil and gas play attracts most attention, all Atlantic provinces stand to share in the development of ocean industries.

Much remains to be done. The services and goods which support an ocean industry must be competitive in a world market. The Newfoundland Oceans Research and Development Corporation is typical of the agencies which find a demand for services in a world market. The skills which went into the building of Dome's ice-breaking "Kigoriak" also suggest a growing expertise.



Ocean Industry will create a demand for products and equipment in all four provinces. In Halifax, DREE has provided \$34.8 million towards the cost of a floating drydock which will handle the largest of ships. Firms producing high technology equipment, such as Internav Ltd., of Sydney, find themselves at the centre of a growing market. One of the key elements in capitalizing on opportunities will be research, development and transference of technology.



## Youth

# Robert Hamilton: Chess's new enfant terrible

*The New Brunswicker may become a world chess champ later this summer if Canadian chess officials let him compete*

All right, so Robert Hamilton might have thrown a match. Jake LaMotta did too, didn't he? And they made a movie (*Raging Bull*) about him, didn't they? Why shouldn't Hamilton get his crack at the championship of the world? Besides, it wasn't his fault. Two Quebec guys were matched, and everyone knew the Quebec guy who was out of the running was going to take it easy against the Quebec guy who could win the tournament. Hamilton, the New Brunswick guy, was matched against an Ontario guy who could also win the tournament. What those Quebec guys are doing isn't fair, the Ontario guys said. Hamilton's sense of fair play (not to mention his sense of mischief) was aroused. The rest is history.

Old history, too. It happened last year at the junior meet in Saskatoon. This year Hamilton, 19, of Fredericton, is no longer just another pretty cortex on the Canadian chess scene. He's the junior champion. He's earned his trip to the world meet set for Mexico City, Aug. 17.

The problem is that Hamilton is suspended as a result of a controversy surrounding his loss to John Pajak of Toronto, the eventual champion, at that junior meet in Saskatoon in the winter of 1980. The Canadian Chess Federation decided in the summer to poll 70 federation officials on what to do about Hamilton and Pajak. Meanwhile, Pajak went off to Paris for the 1980 world meet and Hamilton won the 1981 junior meet in January in Edmonton. The federation then suspended Hamilton, meaning he couldn't play in tournaments to tune up for Mexico City while awaiting the vote on whether he would be going at all.

Danny Elman, the 49-year-old Saint John film distributor who's the recognized guru of N.B. chess, says the delay in the disposition of the case is a greater scandal than the offence itself. "These are juniors [18 and under] and they're away from home, some for the first time. With no adults." Elman says as long as the federation sets up junior tournaments where entrants play others

from the same province in the late rounds, games are going to be thrown. Hamilton and Pajak made their mistake by being so blatant: They played a game, move-for-move, that had been reported in a popular Yugoslav chess magazine.

Elman says Hamilton has become the *enfant terrible* of Canadian chess. "He's got everybody in an uproar." Hamilton has angelic blue eyes, neatly trimmed blond hair and a soft-spoken manner, but he's a far cry from the Wheaties idea of an exemplary champion. Sometimes he drinks beer in the middle of a match. Sometimes he flakes out on the floor. Hamilton admits he has shortcomings. "Sometimes I take some matches too lightly."

Hamilton's chess style is audacious. He goes straight for the jugular, confident he can recover from any predicament. He can be LaMotta, wading in with both brain hemispheres or Muhammed Ali, taunting, dropping his guard, playing possum along the ropes. But he seems to shine only when there's a lot at stake.

To Elman, Hamilton's national victory marks a coming of age for N.B. chess. When Elman returned to N.B. in 1962, chess was "a game played by old men, with few quality players and no grassroots." Elman got five boys to form a club including Paul Selick who, at 11, won the Maritime title, beating his mentor, Elman. The publicity surrounding Selick

helped Elman establish chess in N.B. schools.

Hamilton took up chess seriously in Grade 7. Two years later he went to Montreal and asked if he could play in the Quebec high school championships. They said yes, and he won.

Elman says what Hamilton did wasn't that unusual. Chess players are rated by the number of points they possess. When they lose to players with fewer points, they must give them points. The principle is the same as in marbles. In the Seventies, when central Canadians began losing their marbles to ridiculously low rated New Brunswickers, it drove them crazy. "All of a sudden, they started knocking off everybody," Elman says. "They were winning games and bringing Upper Canadian points back here." Finally, the ratings of all Maritimers were upgraded to better reflect the level of their skills. "But," Elman says, "our players are still underrated."

Elman believes the province's chess champs can surmount all obstacles. Except one. That's the Canadian Chess Federation's handling of the Hamilton case.

— Jon Everett



Hamilton: No longer just another pretty cortex

STEPHEN HOMER

# Folks



GEORGE MACVICAR

13 years and currently a live-in patient at the provincial sanatorium's special care unit, Reynolds attends nearly a dozen community meetings every week as everything from finance chairman of the provincial nurses alumni to director of the P.E.I. Council of the Disabled. In recognition of her work on behalf of the handicapped, the Charlottetown *Patriot* named Reynolds "Islander of the Year." But she isn't resting on her laurels. She's busy checking out facilities for the handicapped on CN Marine vessels as a member of a recently appointed task force set up to recommend improvements in services for the disabled aboard CN Marine ferries. Reynolds says her goal is to "knock down barriers, both physical and mental, to enable disabled people to get around."

Mat makers Joy Kennedy, Loretta Smith, Diane Lockyer, Madeline Walters

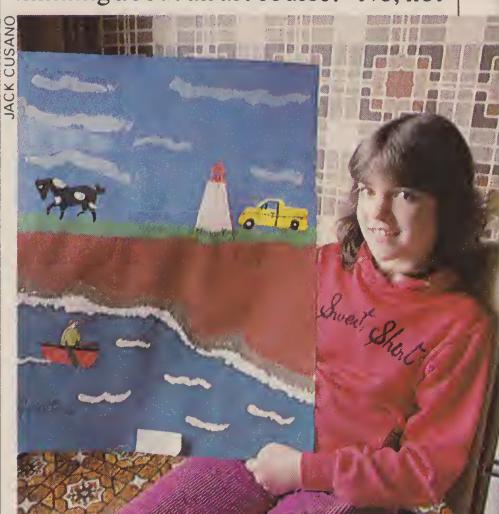
In just 14 months, a group of 16 Newfoundland women has revived a local tradition and transformed it into a thriving cottage industry. Encouraged by the Placentia West Development Association and the province's Department of Rural Development, the **Placentia West mat makers** (*The Resurrection of a Gorgeous Tradition*, Crafts, June 1980) filled \$15,000 worth of orders last year for their colorful hooked mats from stores as far away as Calgary and Vancouver. This year, their reputation is spreading even farther. In May, they were the only Canadian craft group represented at a Birmingham, England, trade show sponsored by Canada's Department of External Affairs. A month later, 15 of their rugs were presented by Premier Brian Peckford as gifts to dignitaries attending the annual Maritime Premiers-New England Governors meeting in St. John's. Their successful Birmingham exhibition prompted Holland to express interest in holding a similar exhibition of Newfoundland mats. It usually takes two weeks to complete each mat, but group manager Diane Lockyer says, "One can be finished in five days when you're rushing it." With their growing popularity the mat makers will have to rush just to keep up with demand.

**R**amonita Macdonald of Halifax's Doomsday Studios is wearing a tentative grin these days. And for good reason. Although she's winning international recognition for her films, she

complains that working in the film industry in Atlantic Canada is still a bit like "being on a tightrope without a safety net." All five films she submitted to Washington's prestige-laden Smithsonian Institution—including two of her own 10-minute "shorts"—were accepted for showing there this spring. As well, she recently sold her 1978 film, *Spirits of an Amber Past*, to the BBC and landed a contract with London's Contemporary Films for worldwide distribution of another of her productions, *God's Island*. The National Film Board will distribute it in Canada, and the Department of External Affairs has purchased two others. "The only way to get recognition," Macdonald says, "is to sell abroad." Although the Atlantic Canadian film industry may still have "a long way to go," according to Macdonald, she and Doomsday have already come a long way since the company's founding in 1978. And if their recent successes indicate things yet to come, it's little wonder that Macdonald, who's lived in Halifax for eight years, says, "I'm here to stay."

**T**hirty-two years ago, when she became a victim of multiple sclerosis, a debilitating disease that attacks the central nervous system, **Kay Reynolds** worried most about "whether I would be able to keep going to bring my children up." The 55-year-old Charlottetown nurse, teacher and mother did far more than that. Though confined to a wheelchair for the past

When her art teacher announced the name of the student whose work had been chosen to represent Prince Edward Island in a national children's art exhibit, **Trudy McHugh** nonchalantly leaned back in her chair, convinced she didn't have a chance. "I almost fell over when I heard I won," recalls Trudy, 11, who lives in Norway, a few kilometres down the road from Tignish and just south of North Cape, the subject of her work. "I didn't think I would ever win." Her painting, called "Irish Moss at North Cape," was one of 36 chosen from across the country for the summer exhibit by Ottawa's National Capital Commission and will be on display until October at the National Museum of Man and Natural Science in Ottawa. Trudy knows her subject well. "I live close to it," she says of the North Cape where much of the Island's Irish moss is harvested. Is she thinking about an art course? "No, not



McHugh: "Good at winning"

yet." For now, she thinks of herself as just a lucky person. "I'm pretty good at winning," she says, "once I won \$91 at bingo."

**W**hile impatient sailors grapple with rigging on Halifax's Northwest Arm this summer, Professor Brad Blackford of Dalhousie University's physics department will be skimming the waves in his sailless "push-me-pull-you" vessel. It operates on propellers: An air propeller above the water extracts energy from the wind, which is used by a submerged propeller to push the vessel against the wind. Unlike conventional sailboats, which tack in a zigzag pattern, the propeller-driven boat can sail directly into the wind. Blackford, a native of Digby County, N.S., has been working on his vessel for about a year, although the propeller system has been a hobby for the past five years. He's hoping to perfect the design to cut down on sailing time. Using a 12-foot catamaran, because it's lightweight and the propeller shaft fits easily between the two hulls, Blackford hopes to top last year's speed of six knots. Blackford says this is "a good speed heading straight upwind, compared to the upwind speed of a regular catamaran, which may reach five knots." So far, he hasn't entered any races. "Maybe this summer," he says.

**W**hen Saint John, N.B.'s week-long July festival, Loyalist Days, was launched a decade ago, organizers dreamed it would grow from a simple city celebration into an event of national stature like Edmonton's Klondike Days. This hasn't happened, but in February the Loyalist Days board took a step that rekindled the dream. It hired Jo Anne Claus as co-ordinator. Claus, a dynamic mother of four, says she wants to make Loyalist Days into a happening that will "catch the imagination." Claus, who's from Hamilton, Ont., and her husband, Barton, came to UNB Fredericton as graduate students 19 years ago, and stayed. She



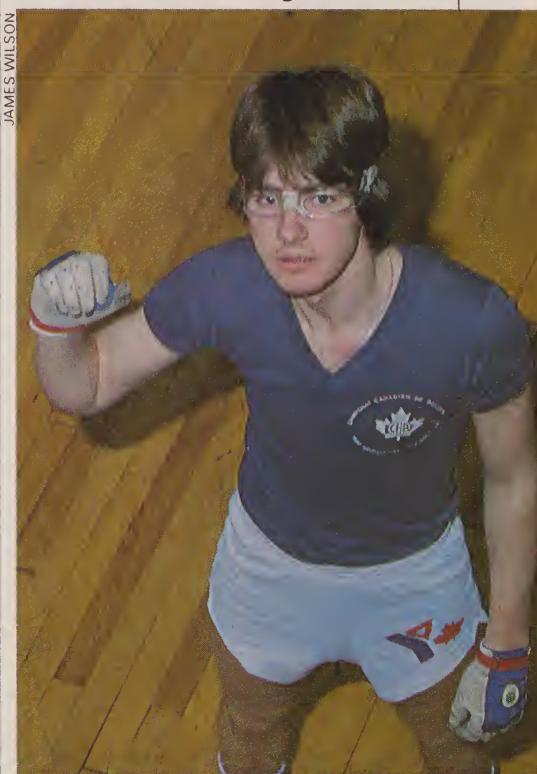
Blackford: Sailing a windmill

taught high school, wrote newspaper reviews and worked in radio. She founded the Gilbert and Sullivan Society, the Fredericton Arts Council and the New Brunswick Arts Council, of which she remains president. In Saint John, she organized Canadian Parents for French to provide cultural enrichment for immersion students. Loyalist Days, which commemorates the founding of Saint John in 1783 by people fleeing the American Revolution, is bound to get bigger with approaching bicentennial celebrations. Jo Anne Claus intends to make sure it gets better, too.

**D**r. George W. Jeffers, 83, of Farmville, Va., has been getting phone calls ever since word got out about his research on ah-er...famous bastards. Jeffers, a native of Freshwater, Nfld., is about to launch the first of a possible three-part series of biographies about 1,000 such famous characters as Leonardo da Vinci, Cleopatra and Sarah Bernhardt. *What Bastards* focuses on 100 historical figures who were "notable for something, sometimes for badness," he says. When the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* printed a story about his findings, it was picked up by United Press International, and Jeffers has received calls from as far away as Bangkok and Honolulu. Despite the

fact that "there are many people who don't want to use the word bastard," he has a possible publisher lined up in Denver, Colo. Researching his subjects in libraries from New York to London over the last 30 years, Jeffers discovered that some of the top minds in literature, art, politics and religion were illegitimate. He "set out to see how many I could get, just like collecting coins." Has he ruffled any feathers? "Well, you'll never please everybody."

**I**t's no fun to be "always the bridesmaid and never the bride." Ask Kevin Murphy, 18, of Saint John, N.B. For four years, he was almost a national handball champion, finishing second three times and third once. This spring at Vancouver, Murphy made it to the altar of success, winning the junior 19-and-under crown. "The difference was discipline," says the second-year UNB business administration student. Murphy took up handball at 13, won the N.B. junior at 14, and was classified as an "A" player at 16. In 1978 the Canadian Handball Association named him "Sportsman of the Year," the first time the prestigious award had gone to a junior or a Maritimer. Murphy describes himself as an offensive player. "I keep the ball low and I win on my 'kill shot.' This shot returns, skimming along the floor, impossible to hit. In December, he'll go to Tucson, Ariz., for his third U.S. junior meet. He's ranked fifth in North America on his past showings, so any finish higher than that would be icing on the cake.



Murphy: Tucson-bound



Expelling the Acadians: "A wall is just a big page of a book"

## Lewis Parker creates by re-creating

Look at Lewis Parker's latest mural at Fortress Louisbourg and imagine you've stepped back in time

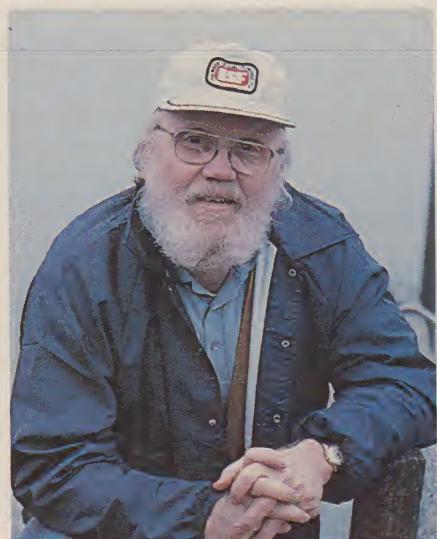
From the main topgallant mast of *Le Brillant*, you're gazing down at *L'Ardent*, a 64-gun French man-of-war, and beyond that at the Fortress of Louisbourg. On this summer day in 1744, *L'Ardent*'s captain stands at the stern with some visiting officials. On the afterdeck, an instructor drills midshipmen in flag recognition; amidships, sailors heat pitch with a bellows and pass it up to men tarring the rigging; two men up forward holystone the decks. And on the quay, far to the left, a drummer boy draws attention to an auction. Other boys are poking and shouting at the drummer. What are those boys doing?

"Teasing the drummer," explains

Lewis Parker.

Such details crowd Parker's personal winter work project: Two massive 10' x 5' canvases to be unveiled this summer in the reconstructed home of Louisbourg's civil administrator, François Bigot. This one shows the inner harbor and the town from *Le Brillant*'s masthead; the other shows the opposite view, the town in the foreground and the crowded harbor stretching off into the distance, as seen from the Citadel clock tower. Filled with active, busy people, the paintings add up to an exceptionally informative re-creation of life in 18th-century Louisbourg.

Lewis Parker, 55, worked on these paintings for seven monastic months



Parker: I love this job

KEITH MACINNES

in a stark, modern bungalow near the Louisbourg lighthouse. "I thought I'd be done in five months," Parker worries. "I badly underestimated the time on this contract. But then I didn't know there'd be 81 ships in the harbor—all ships that we know were actually here in the summer of 1744—and that I'd have to design them all, too." He consulted continuously with Fortress historians, diver-historian Alex Storm, Neils Jannasch of the Nova Scotia Museum. "Lew likes working with people," historian Ken Donovan says. "He's really easy to get along with, because he wants to get the painting exactly right."

Fortress superintendent John Fortier, dubious about artistic licence in general, is delighted with Parker's meticulous care. "He's actually distorted things," Fortier says, "but it doesn't look distorted. He's pulled things in from the sides, and opened them up vertically, but you don't notice it. His paintings tell a lot more than a photograph could—even supposing that 18th-century photographs were available."

Parker agrees he's "not just painting for the general public, but for the specialists, too." He thinks back to his series of paintings of 18th-century Fort Beauséjour, and laughs. "At the actual unveiling, I got out my paints and changed the scabbard on a drummer's uniform. English drummers were the only enlisted men who wore their swords like officers: It kept the sword clear of the drum. Sooner or later someone's going to notice a thing like that and say, 'That's not right'—and it'll spoil the painting for him."

Getting things right involves lots of research. Parker's workroom is festooned with ancient engravings of ships, boats, wharfs, uniforms, pile-drivers. A dozen books lie open. A cassette stereo plays jazz—Parker is also a jazz pianist.

But painting is his love, and his living. He's been an illustrator since he was 16, a full-time freelancer since 1956, when he left the studio he and some friends had established in 1947. Parks Canada hired him to paint Fort Beauséjour and Louisbourg, Canada Post to paint Indians for four postage stamps, Ontario Place to paint Indian figures which hung like mobiles from the ceiling. He used to be a magazine illustrator, and he has produced jacket designs and other illustrations for about 85 books. "A wall," Parker insists, "is just a big page of a book."

His most demanding commission was an enormous mural for Ottawa's Museum of Man, showing humanity's development from *Homo erectus* through the mists of prehistory and history, and ending with a view of

20th-century Dakar, Senegal. Parker and his partner, Gerald Lazare, shared quarters between the carpenters and electricians—they were painting the walls, weren't they? Parker laughs, trying to explain the problems of getting perspective right on the inside surfaces of three huge domes.

"Jerry did one dome alone, and I did another," he recalls. "The paintings were 75 feet long, 16 feet high, and curving in both dimensions. What a mural surface that was! It took us 14 months, most of it in preparation. It's always like that. This job in Louisbourg is about typical—30% painting, and 70% research and preparation." After a break at home in Uxbridge, Ont., he'll go on to Saint John, N.B., to paint the view from the Martello Tower as it would have looked in 1941.

"I've loved this job, though. You know why? The people. All the experts here seem to be doing it for the same reason I'm doing it—because they're interested as hell in it."

— Silver Donald Cameron

Section of *Homo erectus* (left) at Museum of Man: Parker's most demanding commission

Fort Beauséjour (below): Recognizing the importance of getting things right



# The floating gourmet

While it's probably true that almost anything tastes good when you've spent a morning on the water, you don't have to restrict yourself to hotdogs, hamburgers and sandwiches. With a little time spent beforehand in preparation and the use of portable coolers, you can dine like a Greek shipping tycoon on board your

boat. In addition to the following suggestions, take along plenty of French bread and a big bowl of fresh fruit.

#### Crab Dip

5 1/2-oz. can crab  
8 oz. cream cheese  
pinch dill seed  
2 green onions

1 tbsp. horseradish  
sour cream

Process first 5 ingredients until smooth. Thin with sour cream. Serve with a selection of raw vegetables for dipping (eg. flowerets of broccoli and cauliflower, cherry tomatoes or tomato wedges, sliced carrots, green pepper, celery and mushrooms).

#### Spicy Chicken Salad

3 cups cooked chicken cut into approx. 1-inch cubes  
1/2 lb. small mushrooms  
1 tbsp. lemon juice



**1/4 lb. Greek olives**  
**1/2 cup finely chopped parsley**  
**1 green pepper, diced**  
**1 red pepper, diced**  
**1 small red onion, chopped**

Blanch whole mushrooms in boiling water and lemon juice for 1-2 minutes. When cool, combine with remaining ingredients and toss in dressing (recipe follows). Chill at least 30 minutes before serving. Serves 6.

#### Dressing

**1 tbsp. red wine vinegar**  
**1 tsp. lemon juice**  
**1 tbsp. capers**  
**1 tsp. each basil and mint, fresh or dried**  
**3 tbsp. tomato paste**  
**Dash Tabasco sauce**

**1 garlic clove, crushed**  
**2 tbsp. olive oil**  
**2 tbsp. veg. oil**  
**salt and pepper**

Combine first 7 ingredients and process until well blended. With processor still running, slowly add oil. Salt and pepper to taste.



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#### Orange and Avocado Salad

**3 oranges, peeled and sliced**  
**3 avocados, peeled and cut into wedges**  
**2 medium onions, sliced and separated into rings**

Arrange orange slices, avocado wedges and onion rings on crisp salad greens. Drizzle dressing (recipe follows) over salad. Serves 6.

#### Dressing

**1/2 cup salad oil**  
**2 tbsp. lemon juice**  
**1 tsp. grated orange peel**  
**4 tbsp. freshly squeezed orange juice**  
**2 tbsp. sugar**  
**1/4 tsp. salt**  
**1/4 tsp. dry mustard**

Shake all ingredients together in tightly sealed jar.



# Entertainment



NS GOVT SERVICES

Last year's thundering, glittering, foot-stomping success

## Ian Fraser's the terror of tattoos

*To create his grand spectacles, Ian Fraser can be cocky, funny, irksome, irreverent, pushy, sly, smart and bloody-minded, often at the same time. But he gets the job done. Boy, does he get the job done*

By Harry Bruce

Ian Fraser just wanted to be a damn good soldier. It was never his idea to become a theatre producer with stripes, a gold-braid impresario, a backstage martinet, the leader of those who experienced not the smell of gunpowder and the roar of battle but the smell of greasepaint and the roar of the crowd. No sir, he never dreamed he'd end his good, long military career as the field commander of costume makers, lighting experts, barbershop quartets, folk dancers and eight-year-old gymnasts. But here he is at 48, the father of two grown-up daughters, a colonel, the armed forces' director regional operations (Atlantic) in Halifax, a career soldier who's done stints in such hot spots as Cyprus, knows precisely what he must do the moment the Third World War begins, once commanded the elite Canadian Airborne Regiment and has more than 200 parachute jumps to his credit, and what's he doing? He's spending the days and nights of his life fretting over such matters as how to pull off a stage confection for kiddies called "Toymakers' Nightmare." How come?

Well, the confection is one of 18 numbers in Nova Scotia's 1981 military tattoo, and Fraser just happens to be



Fraser "rubs some people the wrong way"

the tattoo's producer, director and, according to some, its not-so-benevolent dictator as well. It's the biggest indoor show ever staged in Canada. Its theme is "Nova Scotians and Their Military Heritage," and if it's even half as good as the Fraser extravaganzas that earned him the label "Canada's military tattoo specialist," it'll be a thundering, glittering, foot-stomping, sellout success.

That's Fraser's whole problem. He is simply so good at the rare business of marrying theatrical technique to military precision that he cannot escape his fate as the field marshal of live entertainment in the Canadian Armed Forces. Earlier this summer, as the horrendous artistic and logistical problems of mounting the sixth gigantic tattoo of his life swarmed over him, he bared his square, even teeth in a big grin and said, "If you know you're going to get raped, you might as well make up your mind to enjoy it."

That's a typical Ian Fraser wisecrack. He loves the army. He understands the army. He knows how to make the army work for him but he also knows that the army, like God, still moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. He is too smart not to know these ways are sometimes hilarious, and the result is that Ian Fraser may just be among Canada's least reverent senior army officers. He has the air of the practical joker about him. While dressing down a trembling young officer-cadet for some

A long way from "Time, gentlemen!"



NS GOVT SERVICES

minor infraction, he's been known to pause, glower, steam with solemn rage, then shout to his outer office, "Sergeant, have we received a reply from Ottawa yet on my request to have flogging reinstated in the Canadian army?"

A retired brigadier says Fraser has "a demanding nature and a very fertile imagination," and when the tattoo king of Canada dreamed up his annual raids on the home of Fredericton poet Alden Nowlan he demonstrated both. As commanding officer, 2nd Battalion, Gagetown, N.B., it was the painful duty of him and less playful officers to dress up every New Year's morning and attend the

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# Entertainment

lieutenant-governor's official levee in Fredericton. But Fraser, with a straight face, persuaded his fellow officers that since Fredericton was officially "the poet's corner of Canada," and since Alden Nowlan was officially the writer-in-residence at the University of New Brunswick, protocol demanded they attend Nowlan's levee as well. Which they did. Every New Year's morning for years. The joke became a tradition. Nowlan, who has high respect for Fraser as both a drinking buddy and authority on military history, usually

presided in his pyjamas.

Fraser likes beer so much that, to keep his belly from ballooning, he regularly goes on "beer fasts." He's trim, chunky, cocky, irrepressible. His hair is straight, stringy, grey, his glasses silver-rimmed, his manner so full of gee-whiz enthusiasm that, if he had a squeaky voice, you might mistake him for Howie Meeker. His strut has less to do with self-importance than with energy. "I have to keep busy," he says. "If I'm not busy, I get treasonous. I tend to get into trouble." If it's true

that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do, then Fraser could not have asked for better protection from evil than regular orders to whip tattoos into shape. Each show has a cast of more than 700 and, as just one example of the ordnance challenge, the lighting for the 1980 tattoo required the introduction to the Halifax Metro Centre of no less than eight miles of special cable.

Tattoos were not always spectacles. The word comes from the Dutch *taptoe*, meaning "turn off the tap on the cask" or, more loosely, "shut up." By the 17th century, it had come to mean a distinctive drum beat in the evening to order soldiers out of taverns and into their garrisons. Variations of the word popped up in armies all over Europe, and its intention was already clear in 1644 when a British colonel made this ruling: "If anyone shall bee found tiplinge or drinkinge in any Taverne, Inne or Alehouse after the hour of nyne of the clock at night, when the Tap-too beates, hee shall pay 2s 6."

A tattoo, in short, was simply a drum's way of announcing, "Time, gents. Drink up." By the 18th century, however, it had become something more. In 1742, when English author Horace Walpole said, "One loves a review and a tattoo," he was thinking of what the Oxford dictionary calls "a military entertainment consisting of an elaboration of the tattoo by extra music and performance of exercises by troops, generally at night and by torch or other artificial light."

The modern, Canadian, Ian Fraser contribution to all this was to complement the military show with a pit band, dramatic lighting, swirling costumes, sound effects, props, fantasy, and even such gimmicks as dry-ice mist. He gave each tattoo a historical theme that meant more to most audiences than the old *hup-two-three* and *oom-pah-pah* but, at the same time, his tattoos never lost their military flavor. The results, he insists with becoming immodesty, are the world's best tattoos. They are popular entertainment aimed not at culture-vultures but at "the sort of guy who'd take the wife and kids out to watch a street parade. That's the type of cat we're reaching, and that's 90% of the population."

When Fraser brags, he's bragging not for himself but for the army. "I don't think for one second," he says, "that anyone but the military could pull off one of these shows.... The great thing about the military is that you never have to tell anyone twice that

something has to be done. They're also intensely loyal. They're not out for themselves. They're great team people....We took on the '79 tattoo for the Gathering of the Clans on almost no notice. We worked day and night for more than four months. We never stopped."

Fraser was only 27, a platoon commander with the 2nd Battalion, The Black Watch, Gagetown, N.B., when he took on his first tattoo. He remembers that "an incredible brigadier, one of the greatest military brains I've ever met, decided in '59 that he wanted to put on a historical military pageant in the Lady Beaverbrook rink in Fredericton. His name was Bob Moncel, and he wanted this production to raise money for IODE charities up there." Fraser had been supplementing his army pay by writing CBC radio plays—including a series about a Nova Scotia village which boasted not only numerous drunkards but also "the Sir John A. Macdonald chapter" of the temperance society—and Moncel had heard a couple. That slender connection to show biz was enough for him. Young Fraser, he decided, was just the chap to produce the tattoo. Moreover, it didn't hurt Fraser's chance at all that, while earning his BA at Acadia University, he'd majored in history and English. (Halifax-born and New Glasgow-bred, Fraser only joined the army after discovering that, if he did, it would pay his way through Acadia).

It was Moncel who dreamed up the formula for jazzed-up tattoos that Ian Fraser has been using off and on for 22 years, not only to earn thunderous applause for the armed forces but also to arouse pride of country among Canadians from coast to coast. That first tattoo was called "Soldiers of the Queen," and it was a local smash hit. Even so worldly a critic as Lord Beaverbrook loved it.

The army remembered.

In 1962 when Fraser was a machine-gun instructor at Camp Borden, it fingered him to team up with the RCMP Musical Ride to produce "The Canadian Tattoo" at the Seattle World's Fair. The show was to occur on a clay football field, but exactly one day before opening night, heavy rain had turned the field into a foot-deep quagmire. With the bluff, bravado, and bulldozing that would later earn Fraser enemies in Halifax, he persuaded the Fair's American brass to pave the entire field within 24 hours. This feat made the front page of *Variety* magazine, and the tattoo turned out to be the most popular show of the entire fair. "Its theme was that Canada was neither French nor English but a combination of the best of both," Fraser



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# Entertainment



Robert Doyle, Tattoo's chief designer recalls. For only a second, he looks uncharacteristically sad. "We actually believed that then."

By 1964, Fraser was at the Defence Services Staff College, Nilgiris, South India. He'd had enough of show business and when word came that he must now do or die in the cause of a gargantuan tattoo to celebrate Canada's coming centennial, he wrote a long letter in which he tried to refuse the assignment. (Sometimes, even among the military, one apparently does have to ask twice to get a man to do something.) The letter didn't work. His superior officer, the boss of all armed forces centennial-year demonstrations, was Brig. Charles Andrew Peck of Hillsborough, N.B. "I just told him that this was the kind of show we wanted," Peck recalls. "Then I left him alone, and let him go to it."

But first, Peck and Fraser toured Europe, picking brains of tattoo authorities in London, Edinburgh, France, Italy. What Fraser eventually came up with, Peck now says, "was better than any of them." Fraser, for his part, is still grateful to Peck for stoutly resisting pressure from Canadians who feared mere Canadians would bungle the job and therefore wanted to get British experts to run Canada's tattoo.



Costumes for 18 numbers

In the end, Fraser and friends made the Greatest Show on Earth look like a two-bit carnival. Their tattoo was easily the biggest chunk of live entertainment in the history of Canada, and those who remember the sweet

optimism of 1967 will also remember the triumph of the tattoo, the special trains and trucks that criss-crossed prairies and valleys, snaked beside rivers and coasts, brought small, medium, large and massive versions of

the show to a nation that suddenly had a century to celebrate. "We sold out everywhere," Fraser recalls. "We probably engendered more pride and patriotism than anything we'd done since the Second World War."

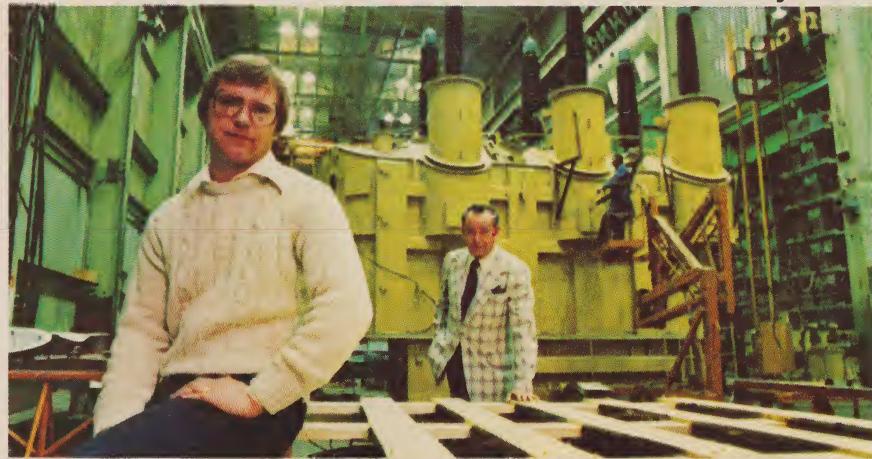
Fraser, of course, was at Expo '67 on the night of July 1 when 1,700 performers from the various travelling tattoos got together for the mightiest tattoo of all. "Jesus," he recalls, "the audience response was just mind-boggling... There were 500 musicians in the finale and, at the end, you could hear this huge, strange, human noise. It was like a great humming, but it was really tens of thousands of Canadians, all on their feet and all singing, 'O Canada.' You couldn't make out the words because they were singing in two languages... I tell you, we may not have been a nation since, but we sure as hell were a nation that night."

As '67 died, the tattoo died. For 11 happy years, Ian Fraser revelled in soldiering. In the mid-Seventies, he commanded the crack Canadian Airborne Regiment. He never loved work more: "You got paid for climbing mountains and skiing. They were incredible soldiers. They'd do anything, try anything. They were tough as nails, and they had great *esprit*." Desk-bound in Halifax now, tattoo-bound yet again, he says, "My military career really stopped when I left the Airborne Regiment. There's a bond there, and once you're taken away from it you really tend to miss it."

It was shortly after he arrived at Maritime Command in 1978 that "a chap comes in and says, 'I'm going to do a tattoo for the Gathering of the Clans next summer and I'll need your help.' I listened to this guy talk, and I got this ominous feeling that something familiar was going to happen to me." Sure enough, the word came down from the top: *Col. Fraser, it's time you did another tattoo.* In the hectic spring of '79, Fraser taught some Halifax bureaucrats just how overbearing a determined colonel could be. "I wasn't going to let anyone stand in my way," he cheerily recalls. "I was going rough-shod over everyone. I made a lot of enemies."

Keith Lewis, general manager of the Metro Centre, remembers only too well: "He wanted to have a certain amount of lighting and stage installed by a certain date, but the building simply wasn't available. We had a national convention of nurses and dieticians here, and we had to tell him the building was already rented. Well, he wouldn't take that. He went to the provincial government, and they brought in the nurses, and there was a compromise. The province paid the

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## Entertainment

nurses for a certain amount of inconvenience. It cost the taxpayers a small fortune.... Well then he sort of cheated. He had men in there working while the convention was still on, and the nurses complained to us.... He gets his way by barreling through.... Having spent 20 years in the service myself, I'm accustomed to that sort of man. I was going to say he has a complete disregard for the wants and concerns of others, but that's a little harsh...let's just say he gets the job done but he rubs many the wrong way."

He doesn't rub Louis Stephen the wrong way, however. The tattoos in Halifax are offspring of a unique marriage between National Defence and the Nova Scotia government, and Stephen is the senior provincial bureaucrat in the partnership. Yes, he concedes, Fraser did "a lot of things people didn't particularly like in '79 but he got the job so late he had to charge up the hill like Teddy Roosevelt. And he did it. He's a doer. He sets himself a crucial path, and he sticks to it. He's businesslike." He also freely shares the glory of his tattoo with other officers, such as the production manager, Major George Tibbets; civilians, such as chief designer Robert Doyle; and, indeed, literally hundreds of other military and civilians who, every spring and summer now, hurl themselves into the production frenzy. As nerves fray and tempers explode, Fraser tells them, "You can hate me for five minutes."

Unlike tattoos the rest of the world over, the Nova Scotia productions use civilians both backstage and as singers, dancers, actors, gymnasts, musicians. Fraser somehow gets them working so smoothly with the military performers that the tattoos invariably sell out, win raves. Harry Flemming, a Halifax journalist not normally given to gushing enthusiasm, had this to say last summer: "The Nova Scotia Tattoo 1980 is, quite simply, the best of its kind I've ever seen, and that includes the world-renowned Edinburgh Military Tattoo. Col. Fraser has outdone himself. It's hard to see how he and the hundreds of others who've worked under his direction can possibly top their current efforts. I just want to be there when they try."

They'll be trying July 6 to 9 at the Halifax Metro Centre, and it shouldn't surprise anyone to hear that the pushy tattoo-master of Canada has a couple of tricks up his striped sleeve that no tattoo, anywhere, has ever dared attempt. As every damn good soldier knows, nothing beats a surprise attack.



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# Education



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Marsh: Success through innovation

## Harry Marsh's institution of heavy learning

*He was fed up with looking at accidents that could have been prevented. The result is the Commercial Safety College and thousands of better truck drivers*

**H**arry Marsh remembers the pangs of conscience that converted him from insurance adjuster to safety advocate: "It came to the point I couldn't get up in the morning and look at another accident. I realized that if the driver had had an opportunity for instruction, many useless accidents would have been avoided." As a fighter pilot in the Second World War, Marsh saw young pilots "do themselves in through lack of knowledge." He wasn't about to watch the carnage repeated on home ground. So, in 1970, Marsh sold his successful adjustment business and transformed what had been his weekend venture, Commercial Safety Surveys Ltd., into a full-time operation. Its subsidiary, Commercial Safety College, graduates 1,000 students each year, skilled in truck driving or industrial equipment operation.

The college's first truck driver training class in 1969 (a modest 10 students) operated in a drillshed on the wartime

training airfield at Debert, N.S. Today, the campus is at nearby Masstown, carved out of 160 acres of woodland where the former Broadway Diner and Cabins serve as cafeteria and residences. It's not exactly an ivory tower, but then Marsh isn't concerned with the graces of higher education. He wants to save lives. Marsh and his 45 employees (all are shareholders) bankrolled the college to the tune of \$1.25 million, and profits are reinvested in new equipment and facilities.

The six-week truck driving courses, conducted year-round, cost \$1,740 for tuition and attract students from all over North America. Nine out of 10 graduates find jobs in the transportation industry. There is a mystique attached to driving trucks, says program consultant Robert Power, who describes the trucker as "today's cowboy—the chrome cab has become the silver-studded saddle." Although one memorable alumnus, a preacher's son from California, enrolled to become a

"Transport for Christ" mobile chapel driver, most sign up to be competitive in a well-paying profession that offers \$16,000 to \$20,000 for a new driver.

The best recommendation for the college has been graduates' performance on the job. Because those who fall short of standards (approximately 30%) are cut, the college has earned the respect of employers in the Atlantic trucking industry.

Bob Crandall, loss control supervisor with Moncton's Midland Transport, one of the region's largest and most modern fleet operators, says, "We have the most progressive transportation college in Canada." During the past three years, Midland has had all of its drivers evaluated at the college. "It helps their self-image."

Not only truckers need help in safety training. The college retrained train conductors as bus drivers in Stephenville, Nfld., when the *Newfie Bullet* was scrapped in 1969. And all eastern Canadian utility companies now have their linemen trained at the college. The skills instruction runs the gamut: Snow plow and school bus driving to forklift and Gantry crane operation. The staff will custom design a training program for an industrial client and deliver it on-site from mobile classrooms.

"If we've had success," Marsh believes, "it's because we've dared to innovate." The all-Maritime staff designed and built a truck simulator to develop students' clutch, transmission, and r.p.m. co-ordination. A computer connected to a stick shift is programmed to "imprint" the complicated shift patterns of a 15-speed transmission. Canada's first all-vehicle skid control course is scheduled for completion this fall. Under controlled conditions, it will help prepare experienced drivers for that moment of truth—when a tractor trailer jackknifes.

Marsh sees rapid expansion in the region's transportation and heavy industries. Those seeking jobs in the energy sector will have to be trained, and the college is planning an ambitious curriculum to upgrade forest workers. It's also looking to tidal power development which would require mobilization of one of the largest transport systems Canada has ever seen.

"I've lived with the fear that we would overextend our facility and our quality would suffer," Marsh says. "I didn't think we were entitled to survive if that happened." But survive he has and, as a result, the Atlantic transportation industry is safer and more efficient.

— Harry Thurston

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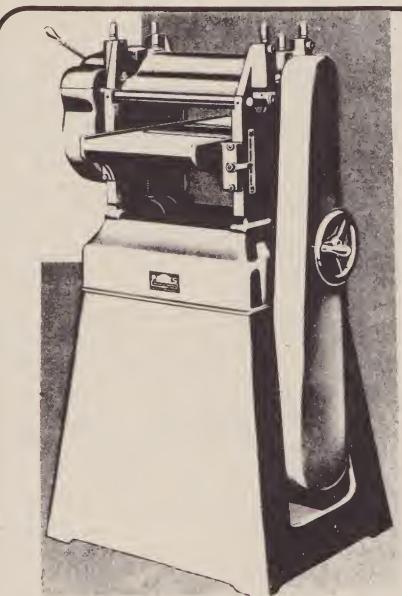
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## Michael Walker is a right-winger and proud of it

*The Newfoundland-born head of the Fraser Institute thinks the world could be a better place without government. He learned that in Newfoundland*

**G**rowing up in Corner Brook, Nfld., Michael Walker watched government-supported industries falter, publicly funded social programs fail, and during the 1960s, the "absolutely disastrous consequences" which followed the provincial government's effort to resettle Newfoundland outport families in larger, more modern communities. Since he left his native province for university nearly 20 years ago, Walker has earned a doctorate in economics, developed a political philosophy and landed a job as the director of an important Vancouver-based organization. But mostly, he says, he's learned the real lesson of his Newfoundland experience: "We're better off without government."

That stark view fits in nicely with those of his sponsors at the Fraser Institute, the ultra-conservative think-tank Walker helped launch seven years ago. The Institute, funded to the tune of \$725,000 a year by large national and international corporations, believes government has become too big and must be reined in. At first it was regarded as little more than a mouthpiece for right-wing oddballs. But the Institute's anti-government views have become more popular and respectable thanks, in part, to North America's conservative shift but also to Walker's own vigorous proselytizing.

Walker, 36, was preaching the conservative gospel long before it became fashionable, and he still accepts almost any invitation he can wangle to keep the Institute's three favorite targets—big government, repressive taxation and overregulation—in the public spotlight. Because the Institute focuses most of its energies on trying to convince ordinary citizens of the rightness of its views rather than lobbying governments directly, as most other think-tanks do, Walker must grant hundreds of interviews and make countless speeches to try to influence our attitudes to government. He doesn't complain.

"The object," he says, "is to get

people to make intelligent choices about government." Once presented with "the facts," he believes, Canadians will question whether government services are worth the 36% of their annual earnings they now pay in taxes. Walker sees the Fraser as a forum to provide "an intellectually sound case for what people have been thinking on a gut level." So it makes the case, for example, that unemployment insurance encourages unemployment, that rent controls discourage construction and that marketing boards raise prices.

There's no doubt that the Institute does raise issues, admits Dr. Jim McNiven, a former Atlantic Provinces Economic Council official, but he sees the Institute as more of a "gadfly" than a serious academic institution. Walker doesn't mind that description either. Academics may sniff, but the Fraser has already produced more than 20 books on such sombre subjects as taxation, privatization and energy policy, and some of them became best sellers. The author and editor of several, Walker remains "intimately involved with them all," rewriting and editing until they're readable, joking that some other staffers write for "a board of dullards."

But if Walker doesn't mind the long hours he puts in or the sniping from his academic colleagues, he does occasionally worry that the Fraser's new-found respectability will force it into the political mainstream. The Institute's reputation, he says, has been enhanced because it's based on the west coast instead of in the traditional Ottawa-Montreal-Toronto power triangle. "If we were in the stew with the other vegetables," he says, "it would be hard not to pick up the juice."

Before joining the Institute, Walker himself stewed in Ottawa for five years with the Bank of Canada and the federal Finance Department. He earned his undergraduate degree at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S., and his master's and PhD at the University of Western Ontario, and calls

PAUL LITTLE



Walker: He worries about respectability

himself a pragmatist. He first supported government intervention as a way of solving social problems. But he became convinced in Ottawa that most government programs were merely "monkeying with people's lives" and worse, ineffective. "I'm against government intervention" he says today, "because it doesn't work." With that conviction and his own typical Newfoundlander's "healthy disrespect for the powers of government," Walker obviously didn't belong in a government town like Ottawa.

While he was searching for a platform for his economic views, west coast businessmen were looking for someone to help them counteract the left-wing policies of the three NDP governments then in power in the west. The result was the establishment of the Fraser Institute—named after the Fraser River—with Walker as its director.

Seven years later, Walker couldn't be happier. Well, maybe. In the best of all possible worlds, he says, governments would administer the laws and maintain security but very little else. As long as individuals obey the laws, he insists, "they should be free to seek their own ends without intrusion."

— Roma Senn



"I left my wooden sword in childhood but I never forgot the magic."

DAMON JOSEPH  
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## Harry Bruce's column

# James Bond lives. There

*Not here, thank heavens*

**A**U.S. company plans to perfect and sell a tiny, atomic-powered tracking device that surgeons would implant in the bodies of people so important or so stinking rich that they tempt kidnappers. The thing would lead police unerringly to the victim, and before you dismiss it as the fantasy of James Bond freaks, you might reflect that if Italian Prime Minister Aldo Moro had had one tucked into his flesh when terrorists nabbed him on March 16, 1978, he might be alive today. Moreover, the James Bond fantasies of yesterday are the hard realities of today. The outfit that's working up that nifty under-the-skin tracking device also sells a bullet-proof, bomb-proof car, "a vehicle so thoroughly impenetrable there's actually no safer place you can be."

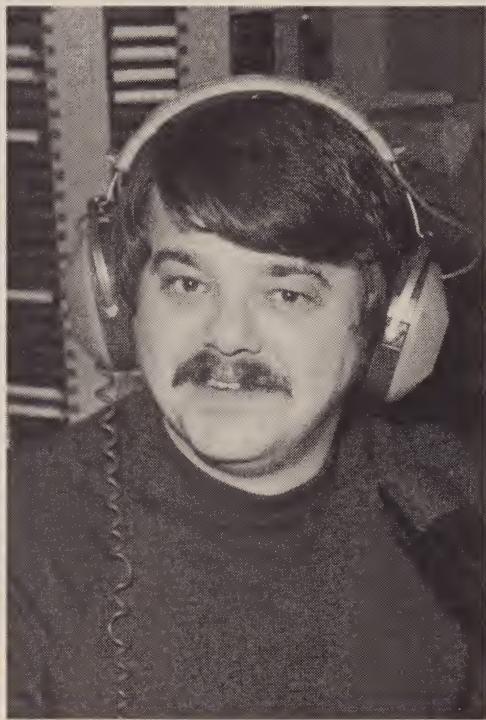
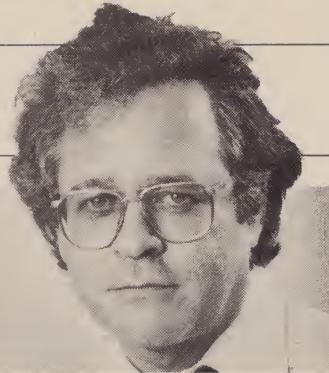
You can order it complete with infra-red goggles to allow your chauffeur to see in fog, smoke and total

darkness; with machine-gun ports that "enable passengers to return fire from total safety"; with puncture-proof tires and, for ramming enemies, reinforced bumpers; with tear-gas and oil-slick "emission systems" to "deter attackers or vehicles in pursuit"; with transmitters, craftily buried in the seat-belt buckles, to allow good guys to track you down; with internal TV scanners, bomb sniffers, bug detectors, secret recording equipment; and, if a kidnapper does manage to reach your right front seat, with a secret shotgun that'll blow off his bum.

Then there's the Trionic Briefcase 008. Back when Sean Connery starred in Bond movies, and the fad reached its craziest heights, you could get your kid a James Bond briefcase for Christmas. Now, reality has imitated art, only the Trionic Briefcase is not for kiddies. It costs close to \$20,000. You can wear its bullet-proof lining as a vest. The briefcase contains a voice

stress analyser. That, friends, is a wireless lie detector, and it apparently works even on the telephone. Your handy-dandy attaché case also includes "a tiny warning light" to reveal the electronic bugs that devilish enemies have planted in your hotel room, and "the world's first system that detects the presence of a hidden tape recorder." Of course, it also boasts its own hidden tape recorder, which gives you the jump on whoever it is with whom you're having your cagey negotiations. Unless, of course, he's got his own Trionic Briefcase.

If your line of work is particularly risky, you can have an "attacker immobilizer" installed in your briefcase. It shoots a beam of light so intense it'll blind a would-be kidnapper for several hours. (It might also be useful if you're losing a bar-room argument to some guy who's otherwise capable of cleaning



## Donnie Robertson

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your clock, but I suppose we must assume that anyone with \$20,000 to blow on a briefcase is too responsible to invite that sort of trouble.) If your "attacker immobilizer" fails you, you can count on your briefcase to send out secret signals, just like tomorrow's surgically implanted tracking device, to enable police to find you. Finally, "stealing the Trionic Briefcase is virtually impossible." If someone snatches it, he'll "activate a siren alarm that no one can disengage but you."

"It's an innocuous-looking briefcase," Benjamin Y. Jamil says, "but it can be made to do most things in the security field. You just pack your bomb sniffer, your homing device and pyjamas and you're ready to go." It comes in high-quality leather or suede.

Jamil is president of CCS Communications Control Inc., which, with sales of \$32 million in 1980, is the leader among privately owned outfits in what *The New York Times* calls "the \$400-million surveillance and monitoring industry." The company's vice-president, described by a British journalist as "a hirsute gentleman from New Jersey with the unlikely name of Carmine Pellosie," says, "We train people in interrogation techniques, protection against wiretapping and defence against kidnapping....We're really an umbrella company. We want

you protected from all sides. It's not practical to keep a bodyguard today who thinks and acts like a gorilla."

A spokesman for the CCS Toronto office says the company has discovered an "overwhelming" worldwide market for its line of more than 100 products. These include bulletproof vests that look like dress shirts, and an astonishing variety of bomb detectors, debugging systems, and expensive gadgetry that goes by such names as the Counter Surveillance Receiver, the Personal Privacy Protector, the Kidnap Recovery System, Terrorist Trap TX-2, the CCS Bionic Safe which, the moment it's broken, blows up its own contents, and Visual Detection System VS 110 "for detection of unauthorized intrusion or suspicious events anywhere on your premises." Various bug alerts come hidden in fake cigarette packages, leather notebooks, and wrist watches—"Now when you look at your wristwatch, you'll see more than just the time and date"—and other spy-frustrating installations lurk inside pens, staplers, hearing aids, and cigar humidors.

The sales pitch for this stuff stresses that, in a world that's infested with terrorists and sleazy snoops, it's essential for personal and business survival. For some, that's undoubtedly true. Like most "defensive" weapons, how-

ever, some gadgets could prove useful not only to the innocent but also to the evil. A tracking device could aid kidnappers as well as the kidnapped. The Infra-red Counter Espionage System enables someone to screen your mail without opening it. The Detect-R-Site empowers its owner to see in the pitch dark, and one of its cuter advantages is that "no one sees a hint of light, so no one even knows you're watching." It's obviously more useful to the snooper than the snoopee. So's the Covert Camera Spy System. It's a palm-sized camera that "allows perfect reproduction of books, files, documents or contracts." A flashlight that not only blinds its victim for a while but also "further incapacitates" him with a painful sound would be a godsend for muggers, not to mention rapists, and I wonder how your average cop feels about the availability of bullet-proof, bullet-spouting cars.

CCS has offices in European capitals, U.S. cities and Toronto but, so far, it has not expanded to east coast Canada. The market here just isn't ripe. I study the CCS sales literature, and it occurs to me that there's a lot to be said for being not important, not powerful, not rich and the keeper of secrets no one wants. It's not bad, living in a backwater of the Western World, not bad at all.

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## Dalton Camp's column

# Travel makes the heart grow fonder

*When you've seen what the rest of the world has to offer, you begin to realize that Canada is a bargain, inflation and all*

**T**he very best thing for writer's block, a virulent form of mental arthritis suffered by people with deadlines, is travel. Getting away from it all, including the telephone and the nagging fevers of editors, is unadulterated escapism but it can produce a hallucinatory sense of well-being as well as providing an introduction to the very latest ways by which a man can be separated from his money.

Besides, travel is broadening, a myth assiduously cultivated by the tourist industry and now believed by adults with the same unshakable faith with which children believe in Santa Claus. The good old Protestant ethic works for tourism too—travel is not merely fun, it can make you a better person and, even though you will return home a good deal poorer in a material sense, you will have been spiritually enriched, intellectually stimulated, and have established a meaningful relationship for life with Fred and Pam Layton of Scarsdale, N.Y., who will never forgive you for not looking them up the next time you pass through Scarsdale.

Such, in part, might be considered as the pathology of tourism; what has intrigued me of late are the economics of it, which are appalling. Having spent the better part of a month on the road, from Ottawa to London, to the Black Forest in Germany, to Toronto and finally here to Paget, Bermuda, I can write—if I can find the words—with some experience.

Ask any traveller to name the world's most expensive city, the answer would be London. You would be wise to believe it. Those rushing to join the throngs attending the Royal Wedding run the high risk of returning home as undischarged bankrupts. London has become so costly that even the oil-rich Arabs, who seemed to have taken possession of the city a few years back, have now all but disappeared from the streets. A rule of thumb for estimating London prices is simply to keep in mind that for every dollar anything would cost in Canada, read one pound sterling in Britain which means  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times as much. Thus, if you don't balk at paying \$10 for lunch in Halifax, you're not supposed to flinch over

paying £10 for the equivalent fare in London. But if you're taking liquid refreshment with lunch, forget the rule of thumb and carry a pocket calculator. As for hotel accommodation, the charge for one night in London is roughly equal to the cost of two nights in a comparable hotel back home. Since most North American visitors spend the first two days in Britain readjusting their internal clocks, a normal 48-hour bout of jet lag can cost as much as \$500, depending on where they lay their heads and how often they stagger out to forage for food.

Compared to London, anywhere in Germany is a bargain, and they do produce their own wine, beer and schnitzel. But inflation has finally arrived there too; the travel dollar goes as fast as BMWs cruise the autobahns. The wise thing for a visitor to do, once he has attended his business, is to do what German tourists do—get out of the country.

So to Bermuda, where the new economics of travel can be quantified by the hordes of Americans who overrun the island these days, a Philadelphia travel agent informed me, because it's a short haul from home and thus more affordable for openers. Besides, the American dollar stands even with the Bermuda dollar, which is a comfort other than to Canadians, whose unsanforized dollar floats somewhere between the rupee and the zloty. For the traveller determined upon a broadening experience, Bermuda offers some value for the dollar, including U-drive motor bikes, dispensation for room drinkers, and at least two good months of weather every year, but while the visitor is being broadened, the wallet's being flattened.

Now, what I've been doing in these various climes, other than sweating out writer's block, is to discover the unqualified benefits of staying home—the positive economic and therapeutic value of going nowhere. Just out and about and no further.

The last news I heard from Canada reported a fierce debate in Parliament over the rate of inflation. And that, I suppose, is the price for staying home: You'll never get to know how the rest



of the world lives, which is mysteriously. My guess would be that Canada has become the world's only surviving bargain whether you live there or happen to stumble on the place in your travels.

## Up coming in Atlantic Insight

**Toxic wastes: Atlantic Canada's chemical time bomb?**

**John Crosbie: The man who could be prime minister**

**The Nickersons: A fish story you'd better believe**

**Fall Travel Bonus: Where to go when the leaves turn color**

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There's no entry fee. Nothing to buy. You don't even have to be a subscriber to *Atlantic Insight*, (even though most of the smart people around here do read the award-winning magazine of Atlantic Canada).

**Judges:** Wade Yorke, Craftsman of Photographic Arts, Carsand Mosher. Bill Richardson, Art Director; David Nichols, Photography Director, *Atlantic Insight*.

All prizes will be awarded. All prizes supplied by Carsand-Mosher, Truro, Nova Scotia.

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Enter as often as you wish, but each photograph submitted must be accompanied by your name, address, phone number and picture location.

Contest closes September 30, 1981. Winners will be notified; winning entries published in *Atlantic Insight*.

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## Movies

# Don't mess with the Divine Miss P.

Miss Piggy's starring in a new Muppet movie. No, don't ask

By Martin Knelman

**M**iss Piggy was in no mood to suffer fools. Unfortunately for me, she remembered in specific detail the occasion of our last meeting. Almost two years have gone by, but they still talk about it in shocked whispers at The Clipper Cay. She had come to Halifax to promote her big-screen début in *The Muppet Movie*, and we had been chatting warmly over an elegant little lunch. Then I said the wrong thing.

As soon as I told her that I was less than thrilled by the movie and could happily have lived without Paul Williams' songs or his performance, I knew I had made a big mistake. She turned purple and began shouting so abusively and loudly that the conversation at other tables stopped dead. If I'm remembering it right, that was the point at which she hurled the plate of half-eaten chocolate mousse in my face.

This time I decided to be more careful. The studio publicists were very understanding, and the interview was scheduled for the privacy of Miss Piggy's hotel suite. She was demurely sipping a Pink Lady when I arrived, although it was only 10:30 a.m. And I couldn't help observing, with my veteran reporter's unerring eye for telling detail, that the Divine Miss P. seemed to have aged a great deal indeed these past two years. Behind the Pierre Cardin sunglasses delicately perched on her snout, I could see that her eyes were bloodshot, and that she had applied heavy doses of eyeliner.

Her devoted personal assistant, a chipmunk named Godfrey who goes everywhere with her, was scurrying back and forth from one room of the

immense suite to another, attending to her manifold needs and trying to calm her down. She was already in a state.

Miss Piggy has returned to the big screen with *The Great Muppet Caper*, in which Jim Henson, the creator of the Muppets, makes his directorial début. Besides the usual accomplices—Kermit the Frog, Fozzie Bear, and the boys in the band—the new film stars the spirited Diana Rigg, as Lady Holiday, the boss of a posh London design house where Miss Piggy is employed as an aspiring model. This Lady Holiday has a wicked brother, played by Charles Grodin, who is the leader of a gang of jewel thieves. Fozzie and Kermit are the investigative reporters who set out to catch them. And among



Charles Grodin, Diana Rigg and Muppet mates

the celebrities making quickie guest appearances are Peter Ustinov, Robert Morley, John Cleese and Jack Warden.

Gesturing in a manner that recalled Mae West summoning Cary Grant to her boudoir, Miss P. reclined on the pink satin bedspread that she carries with her from hotel to hotel. In tones that reeked of suffering, she recounted the anguish of making a picture. "The studio used to send my limo at six in the morning. Six in the morning! It was still dark out! I kept asking them, 'How do you expect me to look good in front of the camera if I don't get my beauty rest?' Then they had the nerve to bring in a cinematographer whose

# 5 EXCUSES YOU CAN USE NOT TO HIRE A BLIND PERSON.

1 If a person cannot see, she obviously cannot do the job.

2 It would take too much time and money to train a blind person and she would need to be constantly supervised or assisted.

3 A blind person would have lower productivity and quality of work than my sighted employees.



4 A blind person would be a safety hazard and have more accidents than my other employees. I don't need that responsibility.

5 Having a blind person on staff would upset my other employees and be bad for company morale.

When you interview a person for a job, you usually hold all the cards. You can guide the direction of the interview and shift it when you want. You can probe certain feelings and attitudes.

In other words, you're in control. Until a disabled person comes in. Then, all too often, your control is invaded by an uncomfortable feeling. And when someone is uncomfortable, they tend to make excuses. That's sad, because disabled people have the same education, skills, experience and abilities as the rest of us. But they also have additional incentive. More than anyone else, they know their own capabilities. So when they get a job they tend to work harder, take less unnecessary time off and be more loyal to the job.

And disabled people don't want to make you, or anyone else, feel uncomfortable. What they need is an equal chance to contribute their skills and their talents. So that they can become an integral part of the work force and the community. Without excuses.



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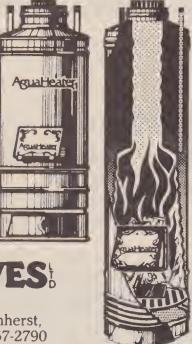
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## Movies

specialty was to make old vamps look younger. They said if he could make Ellen Burstyn look 24 in *Same Time, Next Year*, he could do anything."

At first Miss Piggy had adamantly refused to do a second movie. There were rumors that she was holding out for control of the final cut and a percentage of the profits. Miss P. refused to discuss this point with me, but she did confide, "I ran into Barbra Streisand the other day—we go to the same hairdresser—and she told me that when you're just an actress, you're ground up by the system. Barbra is very down-to-earth, and we get along because we're so much alike. The way I look at it, broads with big snouts have to stick together."

I was reminded of rumors that Miss P. had exhibited other Streisand-like characteristics, such as causing scenes during the shooting, and berating the director in front of his cast and crew. According to Rona Barret, the clash between Miss P. and Diana Rigg was the most explosive incident of its kind since Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins played a scene in which Bette was supposed to slap Miriam, and Bette did it so persuasively that Miriam was in the hospital for two weeks.

I decided it would be better not to mention this, nor the reports that Miss P. had finally agreed to do the picture only after the producers had leaked stories to the Hollywood trade press that they were just as happy to go on without her, and were launching a nation-wide search for a Sow of Tomorrow.

But there was one point I knew I would have to raise, and diplomacy be damned. The Muppets television series has come to an end. Has this turned the movie into a make-or-break situation? If the public stays away, will Miss Piggy be turned into a latter-day Norma Desmond, the queen of yesteryear played by Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*? As I looked at Miss P. reclining on her satin spread and sipping her Pink Lady, I could almost hear her delivering Norma's big lines, "It was the pictures that got small....We had faces then....I'm ready for my closeup, Mr. DeMille."

But I guess I shouldn't have used the word has-been.

During my hasty exit from the suite, I ducked just in time to avoid being splattered by the Pink Lady Miss P. had hurled at me. It caught the movie publicist right in his face.

The way I look at it, that's what publicists get paid for.

# Calendar

## NEW BRUNSWICK

July 1 — Fisheries Festival, St. Andrews  
 July 1-5 — Scallop Festival, Richibucto  
 July 2-4 — Potato Blossom Festival, Hartland  
 July 2-5 — Crab Festival, Le Goulet  
 July 3-31 — Arthur Warwick: Saint John harbor scenes, N.B. Museum, Saint John  
 July 5-12 — International Festival of Baroque Music, Lamèque  
 July 7-12 — Lobster Festival, Shediac  
 July 7-12 — 10th Anniversary Hospitality Days, Bathurst  
 July 8-28 — National Print Show 1980: Works by Canadian photographers, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton  
 July 12-19 — Provincial Fisheries Festival, Shippegan  
 July 14 — Beatlemania, Aitken Centre, Fredericton  
 July 16-20 — Parlee Beach Summer Theatre presents "Hocus Pocus Parade," Shediac  
 July 18 — Miramichi Saddle Club Horse Show, Chatham  
 July 20-25 — Old Home Week, Woodstock  
 July 21-25 — Loyalist Days, Saint John  
 July 25-Aug. 2 — Brussels Sprout Festival, Rogersville  
 July 28 — Atlantic Sire Stakes, Brunswick Downs, Moncton  
 July 30-Aug. 2 — Tuna Festival, Miscou Island  
 July 31-Aug. 2 — Provincial Invitational Softball Tournament, Paquetville  
 July 31-Aug. 3 — N.B. Indian Summer Games, Fredericton

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

July — The Charlottetown Festival presents "Aimee!": The story of a Canadian evangelist, Confederation Centre  
 July 1 — Canada Birthday Celebration: Parade, sports events, boat races, Cardigan  
 July 1 — Centennial Cup Race: Three yacht races, Summerside harbor  
 July 4 — Charlottetown-Pictou yacht race, Charlottetown harbor  
 July 4 — Joyriders Horsarama, Strathgarnet Equestrian Centre, Bonshaw  
 July 5 — Kings Co. Craft Fair, Cardigan

July 7-Sept. 5 — "The Three Bears": A children's musical, (Matinees Tues. through Sat.) Confederation Centre  
 July 8-24 — The Eighth National Multicultural Theatre Festival presents eight national theatre-group plays, King's Theatre, Georgetown  
 July 10, 11 — Lady's Slipper Square Dance Jamboree, Summerside  
 July 18 — Uigg Day celebrations: Games, entertainment, highland dancing, Uigg  
 July 18, 19 — 5th Annual Rollo Bay Open Air Scottish Concert, Rollo Bay  
 July 19 — Ronnie Prophet: Country singer, Confederation Centre  
 July 19-25 — P.E.I. Potato Blossom Festival, O'Leary  
 July 19-25 — Summerside Lobster Carnival and Livestock Exhibition, Summerside  
 July 25 — Belfast Lions Mid-Summer Jaunt: An 8-mile road race, Belfast  
 July 26-Aug. 8 — Isle Dance: Modern, ballet, jazz and mime workshop, Montage Dance Theatre Studio, Charlottetown  
 July 30-Aug. 2 — Somerset Festival, Kinkora  
 July 31-Aug. 1 — Crapaud Provincial Exhibition, Crapaud

## NOVA SCOTIA

July 1 — Annual July 1 Supper, Parrsboro  
 July 1 — Schooner Races, Halifax harbor  
 July 1-4 — Privateer Days, Liverpool  
 July 1-19 — "The Great American Backstage Musical" (daily except Mon.), Th'YARC, Yarmouth  
 July 6-9 — Nova Scotia Tattoo 1981, Halifax  
 July 10, 11 — Maritime Old Time Fiddling Contest, Dartmouth  
 July 10, 11 — Antigonish Highland Games, Antigonish  
 July 10-12 — St. Paul's Festival of Crafts, Glen Haven  
 July 10-12 — Festival of Scottish Fiddling, Glendale  
 July 11 — Seafood Square Dance Festival, Clementsport  
 July 11 — Solomon Gundy Supper, Blue Rocks  
 July 11, 12 — Craft Festival, Lunenburg  
 July 11, 12 — Strawberry Festival, Pictou  
 July 12 — Le Festin de Musique à la Baie Ste Marie, Church Point  
 July 12-18 — Theatre Arts Festival

International, Wolfville  
 July 14-28 — Scotia Festival of Music, Halifax  
 July 16-19 — Summer Carnival, Whycocomagh, Inverness County  
 July 18 — Lobster Salad Supper, River John  
 July 19-26 — Summer Festival, Margaree  
 July 21-31 — Ira Levin's "Death Trap" (daily except Mon.), Th'YARC, Yarmouth  
 July 24 — Fire Department Chicken Barbecue, New Glasgow  
 July 24-26 — Acadian Festival, Ste Anne du Ruisseau  
 July 24-26 — Bluegrass and Oldtime Music Festival, Black Rock, Kings Co.  
 July 25 — Trinity United Church Chowder Festival, Mahone Bay  
 July 26-Aug. 1 — Old Home Week, Springhill  
 July 27-Aug. 1 — Kipawo Show-boat presents "Plaza Suite," Wolfville  
 July 27-Aug. 2 — South Shore Exhibition, Bridgewater  
 July 31-Aug. 2 — Atlantic Folk Festival, Hardwood Lands

## NEWFOUNDLAND

July 1, 2 — Hand-thrown Pottery: Display and demonstration, Dunville  
 July 1-31 — Summer Festival '81, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's  
 July 1-Sept. 28 — Traditional Outport Furniture, Nfld. Museum, St. John's  
 July 3-5 — Labatt's Special-Light Ladies Invitational Golf Tournament, Grand Falls  
 July 3-5 — Garden Party and Craft Fair, St. Fintan's  
 July 5 — 3rd Annual Conception Bay Folk Festival, Harbour Grace  
 July 11, 12 — Open Tennis Tournament, Corner Brook  
 July 11, 12 — "Hang Ashore" Folk Festival, near Corner Brook  
 July 13-20 — Point au Mal and Fox Island River Reunion  
 July 16-18 — Annual Summer Sale: Handcrafts and food, Salvage  
 July 17-Aug. 2 — Stephenville Festival of the Arts, Stephenville  
 July 18-20 — Marystown Day, Marystown  
 July 24-26 — 2nd Annual Labrador Heritage Folk Festival, Goose Bay  
 July 26 — "Grand Time," Stephenville  
 July 29-31 — Atlantic Junior Ladies Golf Team Tournament, Stephenville  
 July 31 — Annual Labrador West Regatta, Labrador City



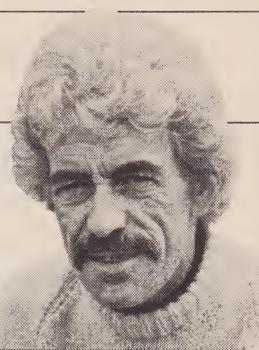
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## Book column

# The literary lore of our wilds



Two books, one old and one new, celebrate our natural wonderland

By Silver Donald Cameron

**T**hat's laminaria," says my friend Chris, "and it's edible." How does he know these things, and how can I find out? Lacking human guides, I turn to books—and welcome the appearance of Kathy Martin's *Watershed Red: The Life of the Dunk River, Prince Edward Island*, handsomely illustrated by Connie Pound-Gaudet.

*Watershed Red* is one result of a hefty research project initiated by the University of Prince Edward Island in 1970. The whole watershed of the Dunk, which empties into Northumberland Strait near Summerside, was scrutinized by biologists, ecologists, sociologists, historians, chemists and others. Eleven years later, Kathy Martin reports what they learned.

The river was named for George Dunk, later Lord Halifax; as Thomas Raddall once remarked, Haligonians should be grateful their city was named for his title, not his family. We learn about the 19 abandoned water mills, about brook trout, muskrats and the mysteries of the Atlantic eel's migration to the Sargasso Sea. Mayflies and Canada geese, mosquitoes and ospreys—all find their place in this fascinating book. Martin tells us when such newcomers as the Norway rat and Hungarian partridge appeared on the Dunk, and she offers shocking details of the utterly wanton sexual activities of the Dunk oysters.

She tells her story with economy, enjoyment, and quiet wit, but the book's conclusion is sombre. Mechanized, chemical farming is stripping topsoil from the land—7,500 kilos per hectare on one bare field alone, compared with 40 kilos for a sod-covered field—and it is migrating fertility which makes the watershed red. "The inexorable reality is this: although modern economies thrive on uniformity, biological systems are destroyed by it," Martin warns. "The union of the soil with its human inhabitants is not a voluntary association. We do not have the option of divorce."

Much of what may be learned from *Watershed Red* will enrich anyone's exploration of the countryside, any-

where in the region. I know only one other book of its kind: Harold Horwood's *The Foxes of Beachy Cove*, published in 1967.

*The Foxes* is Horwood's account of a year and a half in the natural life of rural Newfoundland. Its power comes from its passion and vision, and from a poet's mastery of language and image. Horwood's vision reaches back to the pre-Cambrian seas in which life began, and forward to the moment when the earth "will, almost with a wave of its green fingers, wipe from sight and memory all the marks of the works of man." In the meantime, the moon jellyfish and the junco, the weasel and the swamp orchid, above all the saucy foxes, provide ample occasion for anyone to fill his eyes and nose and mind with marvels.

**D**id anyone ever describe the songs of birds with such incandescence? "Migrating thrushes, their single, short notes falling out of the sky like widely scattered rain: drops of sound patterning one by one to earth." Or the "tiny trills" of kinglets, "like glass bells tinkling along the upper edge of hearing." Or the hoot of the great horned owl, "unutterably sad, expressing the tragedy that is at the roots of all life on earth. To the mouse or the rabbit it must seem like the very voice of doom. But they do not know, as I know, that the angel of death bears the gift of life in his other hand. The terror that glides through the night sky makes room for birth and begetting, and also for change and mutation, and the emerging dreams of creative evolution. Blood and agony, joy and the upsurge of life and the shadow of death are all woven into the one cloth, indivisible. And this is the tragedy of which the great owl sings."

It is the tragedy and glory of which Horwood sings, too, in a book as shimmeringly wonderful on rereading as it was when I first read it 10 years ago. *The Foxes of Beachy Cove* may be the only great book ever written by a Canadian—and it celebrates a reality which awaits us all, only a few yards from our spray-swept homes. 



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## Country comfort's a penthouse in the city

*Rural living isn't all rustic wonder. It's also backfiring septic tanks and stinking campstoves and attic wasps' nests*

**W**hen, in early days, there was a great cross-traffic of city mice visiting the country and country dittos going to the city, the done thing was for each group to dash back prematurely to its natal seat taking a sacred vow never to leave home again. In our granddads' time, the movement became one-sided as farm boys flocked to town and stayed. But in the past decade or so, a considerable number of urbanites have either established themselves in the sticks or else tirelessly expressed a desire to do so.

Beauty is said to sometimes skip a generation or two and something like that must also happen to ancestral memories of chilblains, dunghills and kicks in the guts for squeezing old mooley-cows the wrong way. Somewhere along the line the rigors of country life are submerged in visions of bee-loud glades, prairie dawns and sleigh bells ring are ya listenin'. I doubt if there's a furniture showroom in the midst of Toronto that hasn't got a "painting" on the wall of a prairie sky, a Quebec farmhouse in the snow or fishing shacks sticking out of the Atlantic fog. Distance makes the heart grow fonder. Nostalgia-mongers do the grass back there worlds of good.

An acquaintance who was once given a mighty heave through a tavern doorway was at first inclined to caution that the landing itself had little or nothing to recommend it. But as time passed he tended to recall, instead, that the boost through the air was a rather exhilarating sensation. Time and distance also do odd things to rural memories.

My own first two decades were as rural as hell. The last two have been in St. John's, a place that's both fish and foul. It's not quite downtown Chicago but it does have pigeons, joggers and bedraggled old chaps on Water Street.

Newfoundlanders fall into two classes, those who are St. John'smen and those who are not. Townies and baymen. You're stamped at birth and not even an appeal to the Queen's Mercy (either at Buckingham Palace or the Pearly Gates) can change it. In

fact, townies believe that the Queens of both England and Heaven are unfortunate bayers. They believe that the old saw, "You can take the boy out of the bay but you can't take the bay out of the boy," is a heart-rending appeal for the Year of the Handicapped. And that if corrective surgery became available in Denmark all baymen would be off like shots.

To reinforce this chastely simple faith, they venture a few miles outside the city gates for a couple of weeks each year to their "summer shacks" sprawled among the rocky crags beyond the suburbs like a huge misty Dogpatch. Here, they deliberately expose themselves to all the rustic horrors. Backfiring septic tanks, stinking camp stoves, attic wasps' nests, frothy-muzzled bulls with blood-stained horns, the silence of a dungeon and mattress-ticking on the TV.

Having had their annual purgative dose of "the bay" they toddle back to their bastion of enlightenment, civilization and bilious pigeons as fast as their weakened legs will carry them and prostrate themselves on the sidewalks of St. John's like some frazzled battalion of touring Pontiffs. Our townies believe that the country (or, in this case, "Out Around the Bay") is a place where, if you purchase a teacup, you have to put in a special order and wait six weeks for the saucer. Where the main manufacture is homespun wit, the raw materials for which must be imported. A pig-sticking, fish-gutting, snaggle-toothed, childbed-feverish place beyond the Pale, devoid of even gas station stickups and real, live cabinet ministers. Any of our townies who express an intention to go live in the country seldom make it across the city boundary line ahead of the little white loony wagon.

It may not be so cut and dried in other places. If you've spent 30 years hanging from a subway strap—close-packed from behind by a mass of garlicked, patchoulied, Holt-Renfrewed humanity and menaced in front by seated dozers who threaten to topple headfirst into your privates—braving

blizzards to slop the hogs may look good.

Newfoundland has spawned few, if any, of its own back-to-the-earthers. Between the bogs and the rocks, there's precious little earth to go back to. Even in St. John's you can find, if not the simple, then all of the half-simple life you could possibly want.

The Maritimes is, I understand, chock-a-block with persons who've fled the hideous complications of urban living for double-shell houses, solar heating, airtight wood stoves, hydroponic gardens, windmill generators, ram-jets, composting crappers, air-locks, R-48, goat husbandry, hydraulic yogurt makers and half-finished submissions to *Harrowsmith*.

Most, I'll venture, come from Boston or Montreal rather than Moncton or Halifax. Your Haligonian, I dare say, is, like your St. John'sman, a true urban philosopher able to see eternity in a grain of sand, recapture the primitive thrill of the chase in sidewalk doggie-doo or the Great North woods in a potted geranium.

Some of this odd craving for "the country" found in other parts may be a residue from the past when we were expected to do our best to ape our betters. The better classes doted on "the country," which was not your rain-sodden picnic bench in Fundy or Gros Morne but rustic cottages like Blenheim or Castle Howard or Vanderbilt's "The Breakers."

Roughing it meant squads of footmen dispatched at a double trot to unroll Wilton carpets by the margin of an artificial lake, followed by a heavy brigade of other retainers staggering under champagne and roast partridges. Those able to re-create this to their own satisfaction in a gravel pit off the Trans-Canada Highway in the company of three howling kiddies, a bitching spouse and mosquitoes robust enough to drown out 109 portable tape recorders are either truly blessed or else well around the twist.

Meanwhile, ensconce me in a Toronto penthouse with room service and all mod cons and I'll monger you reams of rustic nostalgia until the cows come home and the chickens to roost at the 28th storey. ☒

# CRAVEN "A"

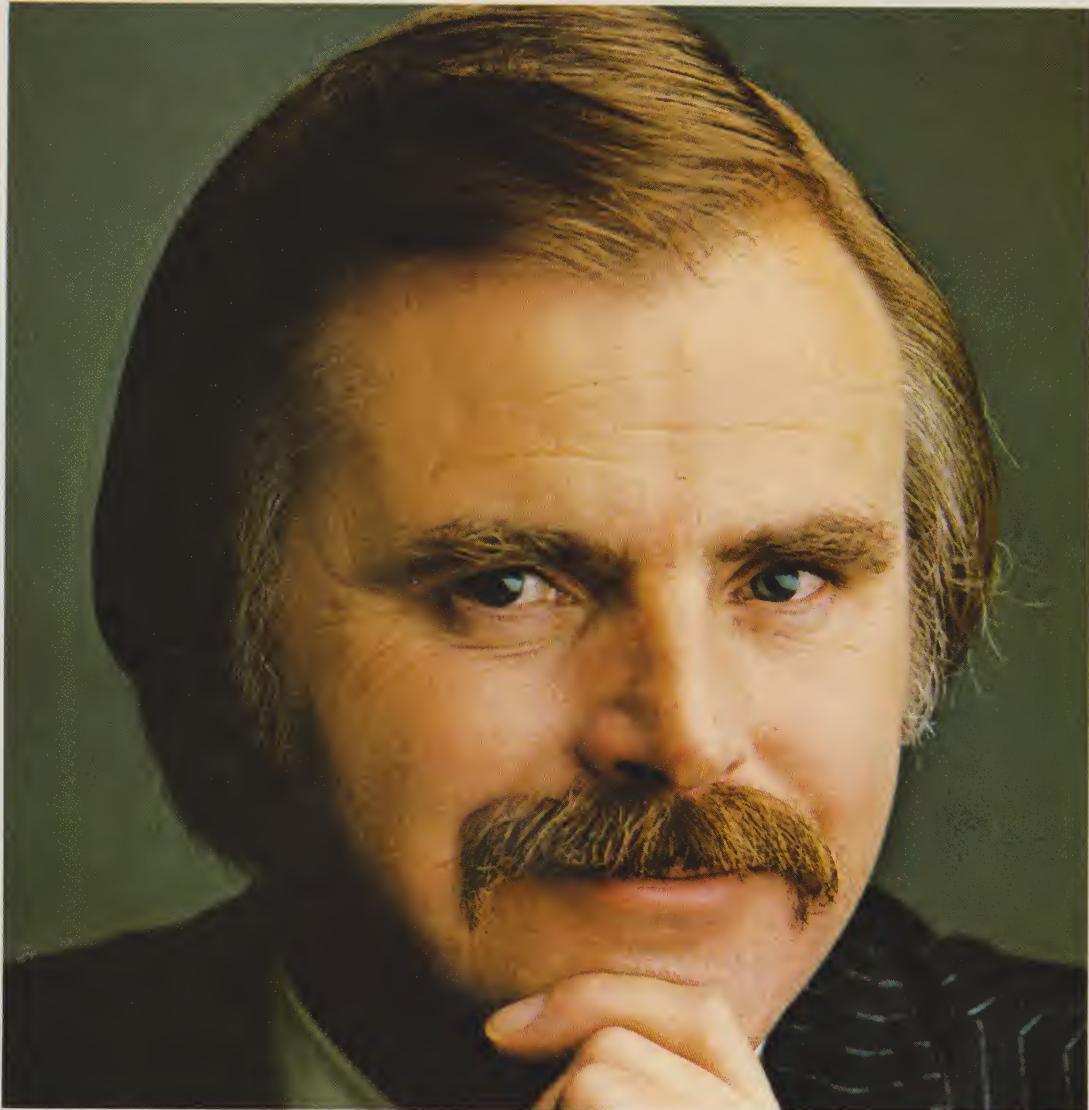
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so rough and stakes so high, even the most generous company can't be patient for long with an employee whose effectiveness ends at noon.

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